POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

CONSISTING OF

MEDITATIONS,
CONTEMPLATIONS,
SOLILOQUIES,

POETICAL EPISTLES,
MORAL REFLECTIONS,
HYMNS,

AND

PARAPHRASES OF SEVERAL PARTS OF SCRIPTURE, &c.

By T. MAY.

HENLEY:

PRINTED BY AND FOR THE AUTHOR;

And sold by C. Dilly, Poultry; Scatcherd and Co. Ave Maria-Lane; T. Hookham, New Bond-Street; Champante and Whitrow, Jury-Street, Aldgate; Darton and Co. Grace Church-Street; C. Stuart, Princes-Street, Leicester-Fields, London; J. Fletcher, Oxford; S. Hazard, Bath; and W. Brown, Tolzey, Briſtol.

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HARDING

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT,
Who died October 31, 1763.

——Paulumque morati,
Serius aut citius ſedem properamus ad unam. OVID.

IN the firſt ſpring of life was ſhe remov'd
From mortal ſight, by us ſo dearly lov'd,
Who ſaw thoſe pleaſing ſmiles and harmleſs play,
Which wing'd ſo ſoon her fleeting hours away.
In vain with tears we mourn that early death,
And rue the day which ſtopp'd thy lab'ring breath;

Above the reach of man thy ſoul is fled,
Thy body ſleeps among the num'rous dead;
Th' immortal part hath left the world below,
And feels that joy which ſouls celeſtial know.
Hail, harmleſs babe! be thine eternal reſt,
Amid the courts of light, for ever bleſs'd!
Ceaſe tears to flow; to Heav'n's high will reſign;
So GOD decreed, and let not man repine.
All, ſoon or late, ſhall feel the hand of death,
Emit their ſouls, and draw their final breath.
Reſiſt not glory, nor the truth withſtand,
In virtue thrive, and every fault amend;
Uncertain deem earth's tranſitory joys,
Soon fail theſe ſoul-deluding empty toys;
Live well while here, ſo we at laſt ſhall have
An eaſy paſſage to the loathſome grave;
No conſcious terrors then ſhall pain the mind.
When we, like her, muſt leave thoſe ſcenes behind,
Angels will ſmile; the LORD our GOD be kind.
Here drops the veil; here let me cloſe my theme;
A ſlender tribute to a ſiſter's name;
For this relation from the dead I claim.

ÆTATIS 13.

A MORNING

A MORNING HYMN.

SING praiſes to our God, ye pow'rs above!
His praiſe ye winds, which from four quarters blow,
With murmuring or with gentle voices ſound.
Ye pines, in ſign of worſhip, bow your heads;
All corners of the earth reſound his praiſe,
Who ſouls created with Almighty power.
To him, whoſe living chariot ſhook the baſe
Of Heaven's ſtrong fabric, when Omnipotence
Provok'd, drove headlong his rebellious foes
Into the burning lake, ye ſtars give praiſe.
Let all the conſtellations of the ſky,
And thou, O ſun, now riſing from the deep,
Unite in anthems to the ſource of life.
Laud him, all nature! at whoſe word aroſe
Yon azure canopy, emboſs'd with ſtars.
He form'd the globe, and circumſcrib'd the main,
And made the barren rock, and fruitful vale,
The range of mountain's Aſia's climates boaſt.
To him alone, the warmth of prayer aſcends,
From whom created beauty draws its charms.

ÆTATIS. 13.

REFLECTIONS,

AFTER READING THE FOLLOWING LINES,

——Et ni
Poſces ante diem librum cum lumine; ſi non
Intendes animum ſtudiis et rebus honeſtis,
Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquebere. HOR.

ARISE, O youth! to ſerious thought incline;
A mind reform'd, at trifles will not pine;
Since Phœbus ſheds his morning light on man,
With due concern the works of WISDOM ſcan.
Finite the days on mortals here beſtow'd,
Sublime eſteem attends the wiſe and good;
From ſloth ſupine, unnumber'd evils riſe,
Unpleaſing themes, ſuſpenſe, or foul diſguiſe.
Behold, how glorious nature's charms break forth!
The king of day illumes the gelid north;
The ſacred laws of reaſon mend the heart;
By night or day the ſage will truth impart.
Search various volumes, turn the claſſic page,
Or trace the genius of increaſing age;

The

The ſoul that fails to think, expos'd muſt ſtand
To envy's torment, or to love's command;
If folly rage, we mourn our ſtate in vain,
To want abandon'd, and perpetual pain.
Know this, the ſure decree of nature's GOD,
A ſinful nation muſt abide his rod;
Ariſe, awake, eſcape from endleſs ill,
Whence no calm thought can ſatisfy the will.
We read that CHRIST will change the whole expanſe,
End theſe frail orbs, and form the laſt ſuſpenſe;
The ſacred trumpet from on high ſhall blow,
At which the vain ſhall riſe to meet their woe.
Arm'd with Omnipotence, when light and truth
Reveal the SAVIOUR, with tranſcendent worth,
Dark, in exceſſive anguiſh, ſin ſhall riſe,
And dreadful horror ſhake th' incumbent ſkies;
Thunders ſhall roll, and baleful lightnings fall,
A ſolemn angel men to judgment call;
The ſoul refin'd by tribulation's law,
Shall find a world which none but good men know.

A PRAYER.

OH Thou! enthron'd beyond the reach of man!
The ſource of good! earth's univerſal LORD!
Look down with pity, and ſuſtain the weak.
To thee I bow the knee, and thee alone
Adore with praiſe. In Heaven there's none but thee,
On earth not to compare. In virtue's path
Teach me to walk, O LORD, in thee confide;
That ſo when time ſhall end, and be no more,
My ſoul may taſte of that eternal bliſs
Which ſaints and angels ſhare in Heaven above.

PSALM XXXIII. PARAPHRASED.

REJOICE in GOD, in the MOST HIGH,
Ye righteous ſouls confide;
Sing praiſe to him, to whom 'tis due,
And let his ſpirit guide.

With

With tuneful harps and pſalteries
  Praiſe Heav'n's eternal KING;
The LORD is great, our GOD is juſt;
  Pure hallelujah's ſing.

The univerſe can't him contain;
  In truth doth he delight;
From chaos' vaſt profundity
  He call'd celeſtial light.

At his command the earth aroſe,
  Confuſion heard his voice;
Let ſacred righteouſneſs direct,
  And virtue be our choice.

He in one place reſtrain'd the waves,
  And kept them up in ſtore;
Let all the earth praiſe Iſrael's GOD,
  His power each ſoul adore.

His perfect laws remain unchang'd,
  From all pollution free;
The deſtin'd purpoſe of his heart
  Is firm ſtability.

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd is the nation that confides
In him who made the earth;
He them will evermore protect,
And ſave from waſting dearth.

The LORD beholds the ways of men,
All open to his eye;
Our fraud and ſecret treachery
Expos'd before him lie.

Our minds ſhall wait before the LORD,
Pronounc'd our help and ſhield;
In danger to preſerve from death,
Or 'midſt the ſanguine field.

O LORD! have mercy on our ſouls,
As we believe in thee;
By thy protection may we gain
Fair immortality.

EPISTLE I.

Mundus erit, qui non offendet ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. HOR.

IN grateful verſe, I now ſalute my friend;
But let not here our ſtudious friendſhip end.
Once more I take my long rejected pen,
To prove the weakneſs of the ſons of men;
Awhile I wait in deep ſuſpenſe and fear,
Yet unreſolv'd my ideas to declare.
Impell'd by humble gratitude, I fain
Would tell our friendſhip in the poet's ſtrain.
Involv'd in thought, ſubſequent lines I write,
Free from malignity and partial ſpite.

Where now is Addiſon? where doth he lie?
All conqu'ring death hath clos'd his piercing eye.
So frail the world! we join our native clay:
What's man? perhaps the tyrant of a day.
Aſſiſt my ſlender verſe t' addreſs the age,
And prove the evils of the pleaſing ſtage;
Think not, dear youth, to have the language fine;
Reflection ſpeaks for truth in ev'ry line.

Here's

Here's not th' expanded field we claim in war,
Nor here o'er heaps of ſlain deſcends the rattling car;
Not rage, but courted luxury I ſing,
From ſcenes of avarice my numbers ſpring.

Let each man act in his own ſphere,
Who virtue ſeeks, will find her there.
Among the great 'tis ſoon to riſe,
When Sol hath meaſur'd half the ſkies;
I hate to ſee ambition rule,
And falſe delight deprave the ſoul.
Some wound the ſight, in pomp to ſhare,
And luxury is all their care;
Think not mankind from failings free,
I'll cenſure vice with them that ſee.
Though time rolls heavy with the great,
Once paſs'd, lamented, 'tis too late;
They prate of plays, remote from rules,
And ſcorn the morals of the ſchools.
Tho' wanton ſparks may take it ill,
We cenſure faults be where they will:
Thoughtleſs of right, men ſit and ſwear,
Once overcharg'd with wine and beer;

Devoid

Devoid of reaſon, grown like beaſts,
They fain would ſatirize their prieſts,
The monkey and baboon exceed,
Nor with ſuch foul intemp'rance feed.
Lo! ſcenes of riot end the day,
And grandeur longs to ſee the play.
Plac'd in the pit, ſome judge the ſtage,
And mock the virtue of the ſage;
With pride one takes an obvious ſeat;
For recent pomp allures the great:
This contemplates the tragic ſcene
Of thoſe that act behind the ſcreen.
C..to, we ſee, reſolv'd on death,
Falls on his ſword, declining breath;
Prone on the ground the hero lies,
His pictur'd death excites ſurprize.
Comedian wits ſome would employ
To make their pleaſures glib with joy;
The paſſions mov'd with poignant pride,
Reduce our conduct to the tide;
The ridicule of comic leer
Divides our prudence from our fear;
It gives the reins to greedy ſight,
And forms the heart to falſe delight.

When

When men of taſte for trifles prate,
Extreme deluſions change the great.
With innocence we ſcarce behold
The turns of wit reduce a ſcold;
The mind a ſlave to obvious pride,
The ſeeds of vice our ſenſes guide;
Profuſe our morals ſoon become,
And many a weakneſs will have room.
Vain without hope, diſcretion cloys,
And Heaven appears like tranſient joys;
But ſober minds eſcape ſuch tools,
Whoſe habits form from virtue's rules;
Once loſt to truth, we praiſe the ſtage,
And loſe the greatneſs of the ſage.
All ſcenes may pleaſe with follies air,
Or work deceptions for the fair.
If comedy delights the ſoul,
Pure virtue ſtoops to fancy's goal;
There mimic trifles move in ſtate,
While vice is ſkreen'd behind the gate;
Falſehood on taſte begins to brood;
But cautious fear becomes the good:
Whether you're rich or poor, be free
To contemplate the forms we ſee.

Some

Some minds in avarice place their joy,
And nought but wealth can grief deſtroy;
But when it reigns within the heart,
The baffled conſcience feels no ſmart.
Nor can we paſs yon hapleſs ſhade,
Where pride and avarice ſtand diſplay'd;
Where, ſtarv'd to death, the beauty dies,
With painted cheeks and languid eyes.
Afraid to taſte, ſome pine for food,
And ſpurn the gracious hand of GOD;
But, mortal! know, thee Heaven denies,
And inward terrors blaſt thy joys.

ÆTATIS 14.

PSALM

PSALM XXXIX. PARAPHRASED.

LO! ſaid my ſoul, I will my ways
Henceforth far more regard;
While wicked men before me ſtand,
From ſpeaking I'm debarr'd.

With ſilence I was dumb, by grief
Reſtrain'd my ſtrong deſire;
My heart was hot, while thus I mus'd,
And burſt with waſting fire.

Teach me, O LORD! to know my end,
The meaſure of my day;
How frail am I! all earthly things
Are ſubject to decay.

My age is nought before my GOD,
Who made my life a ſpan;
Sure all muſt die; in his beſt ſtate,
What is the ſon of man?

He

He heaps up wealth, but takes no thought,
Who may poſſeſs the bane;
O'erwhelming cares oppreſs the ſoul,
Sure, all our joys are vain.

My hope, O LORD! is fix'd on thee,
Deliver me from ſin;
Let not the fooliſh vex my ſoul,
But let thy mercy ſhine.

Dumb was my tongue, my mouth was ſhut,
O LORD! becauſe of thee;
Remove the trial far away,
And ſhew thy lenity.

When with rebuke thou doſt chaſtiſe
Iniquity in man,
Thou mak'ſt his beauty die like moths:
Sure, life is but a ſpan.

Hear me, O LORD! unto my cries
Incline thy gracious ear;
Hold not thy peace when I lament;
Ah! wipe the ſilent tear.

Thy laws are ſtrange unto my ſoul;
New to me are thy ways;
Like as my fathers were before,
Grief loads me full of days.

Oh ſpare me, that I may renew
My ſtrength, thee to adore;
Before I fly from earthly things
To Heaven's tranſcendent ſhore.

PSALM XCVII. PARAPHRASED.

THE LORD doth reign; let all the earth
In Zion's GOD rejoice;
The diſtant iſles, with rapture ſeiz'd,
Attend his awful voice.

Thick clouds and darkneſs him ſurround,
In majeſty array'd;
Judgment and righteouſneſs were ſeen
When GOD his power diſplay'd.

Before

Before him moves devouring fire
To extirpate his foes;
His awful lightnings ſcare the world;
Earth's convex ſurface bows.

The mountains melt like yielding wax,
O'ercome with fervent heat;
Mankind beheld, and, trembling, fear'd
JEHOVAH's pow'r to meet.

The Heavens proclaim his righteouſneſs,
And nations own his joy;
All thoſe that worſhip images
Will Iſrael's GOD deſtroy.

Ye fair celeſtial angel forms,
JEHOVAH's pow'r adore!
Thy judgments, LORD! did Zion hear:
Peace thrive on Iſrael's ſhore.

Thou art above the ſpacious earth,
Enthron'd above all gods;
The Heaven of heavens receives thee there;
Eternal, bleſs'd abodes!

From wicked men, and every harm,
Doth Iſrael's GOD defend;
Love him, ye righteous! on this rock
Let all your hope depend.

Light for the faithful firſt was ſown,
Gladneſs for the upright;
Rejoice in GOD omnipotent,
Extol his matchleſs might.

A SOLILOQUY.

RETIRE, my ſoul! from painful thoughts retire,
O'er mundane themes, and tranſient bliſs aſpire;
Lo! earth muſt change. Say, can this world delight?
All pleaſures here muſt cloſe in laſting night.
Death ſhuts the door of life: the pride of man
Muſt ſoon ſubſide; the gloomy king will reign.
If we profeſs in JESUS to believe,
Can we, by ſin, his holy ſpirit grieve?

Think

Think not a ſolemn reck'ning to evade;
Our deeds muſt in the ſcale divine be weigh'd.
Heaven wills to prove mankind; thro' faith oppoſe
The dark temptations of infernal foes.
Thro' various trials men attain to bliſs,
And while on earth, partake of mental peace.
What pure enjoyments ſhall the ſoul obtain!
A total freedom from all fear of pain,
If, thro' the vale of life, in virtue we remain.
A crown immortal is for ſuch in ſtore,
Where the grim lion never can explore;
Above temptation, free from Satan's wiles,
There univerſal goodneſs ever ſmiles.

A PRAYER.

O THOU! whoſe glory far exceeds
What man can comprehend;
Great ſource of being! mighty LORD!
Whoſe kingdom ne'er ſhall end.

May I preſume, on bended knees,
Before thy name to bow;
Send forth thy light, moſt gracious GOD!
That all thy will may know.

Exalt thy SON in ev'ry heart;
Preſerve this favour'd land,
That ſin may ceaſe, and dare no more
Thy goſpel-truth withſtand.

Extend thy mercy thro' the world,
Preſerve thy ſaints, O LORD!
Remove tranſgreſſion, and reveal
Thy pure eſſential word.

Ariſe, O GOD! to purge and cleanſe
The mind from every ſin;
Grant all conditions to poſſeſs
Serenity within.

Let the MESSIAH reign in peace,
Thy boundleſs mercy ſway;
Where pride offends, and thought is vile,
Incline our hearts to thee.

Inſpire the nations to adore
Thy great and awful name;
Spread o'er the world thy ſacred truth,
From endleſs time the ſame.

ÆTATIS 15.

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

Aſpirant auræ in noctem; nec candida curſum
Luna negat———
Cum venti poſuere, omniſque repentè reſedit
Flatus. VIRG.

AWAKE, O Muſe! in grateful numbers ſing
What ſacred joys from contemplation ſpring.
Now nature ſmiles, in lovely verdure clad;
Releas'd from care, I ſeek ſome grateful ſhade:
There, while grey eve brings on the ſilent night,
On meditation's wings I take my flight.
No noiſe tumultuous here diſturbs my reſt,
Nor painful thoughts oppreſs my peaceful breaſt:
A ſolemn ſilence ſhuts the cloſing day,
And nature's works a varied ſcene diſplay;

O'er-ſhadowing earth, night ſpreads her gentle reign,
The workman ſleeps, inſenſible of pain.
This calm ſerene of nature ſoothes the mind
To ſacred truth, and penſive thought inclin'd.
'Tis when the ſoul reflects, as evening ſtill,
Each ſource we trace, and reaſon curbs the will;
When with a ſuppliant heart the knee can bow
Content and paſſive, then our virtues grow.
OMNISCIENCE reigns; his word will teach the wiſe,
His Providence our daily wants ſupplies;
When every anxious mind unties its load,
And, tho' it fears, reclines on future good,
A firm reſtraint the froward paſſions feel,
Or ſtand ſubjected to th' eternal will.
When thus ſubdu'd, our judgment ſeems divine,
And recent glory bids perfection ſhine;
Reveal'd by heav'nly grace, our ſins appear,
And recollection fits the mind for pray'r;
Nurs'd by devotion, every moral grows,
Reflection calms us with our friends and foes.

REFLECTIONS,

ON READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Aurum per medios ire ſatellites,
Et perrumpere amat Saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. HOR.

BLESS'D is the man who courts not wealth,
But ſcorns the charm of gold;
He hates the miſer's guilty ways,
Whoſe life to gain is ſold.

Thro' guards, thro' rocks, wealth penetrates,
More powerful than fire;
The thirſt of lucre blinds the mind,
To ſin our hearts retire.

The love of money wounds the ſoul,
Impairs its peace with GOD;
That which juſt Heav'n for uſe ordain'd,
Man conſtitutes a rod.

It firſt induc'd proud kings to war;
Whole empires it deſtroys;
The mind no more ſerenity
And inward peace enjoys.

All evils ſpring from ſpecious gold,
Which wicked men purſue,
With all their hearts, with all their minds,
And give not God his due.

From hence preſumping mortals dar'd
To croſs the dang'rous ſea;
From Albion's realms to Indian ſhores,
Gold taught th' impervious way.

Men forfeit peace; their lives no more
Th' inſatiate crew regard;
No perils can their minds deter;
Gold will their toils reward.

Both health and thought this bane depraves,
Inures the heart to ſin;
Corroſive cares oppreſs the ſoul,
And wayward paſſions reign.

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd is the man whom temperance
And moderation guides;
His ſoul is not diſturb'd in death,
But every fear ſubſides.

Misfortunes and diſtreſs in vain
Aſſault his ſedate mind;
No guilty conſcience breaks his reſt,
To Heaven's high will reſign'd.

The ſmiles of fortune and of wealth,
With all their charming train,
The pure conceptions of his ſoul
Shall ne'er corrupt with gain.

He ſcorns a ſoft, luxurious life,
The grand parade of pride;
Calm reaſon reigns within his breaſt,
And all his pow'rs ſhall guide.

Poſſeſs'd of wealth, his charity
Shines with diſtinguiſh'd light;
Whoſe common joys are ſocial good,
Which forms the world upright.

A POETICAL DIALOGUE.

Occaſioned by the Death of an Infant, who died in the Year 1765.

LEMIRA.

SAY, whence thoſe tears? Why droops that honour'd head?
Is then, as rumour ſays, the infant dead?
Yes—true—too true—that aſpect, ſad, declares,
Thoſe weeping eyes emit a flood of tears;
Drop after drop, ſucceſſively deſcends;
In agonies my parent folds her hands!
Abſtain, dear part! better than life, abſtain;
Muſt heaving ſighs expreſs internal pain?
Ah! what I ſee!—uncomforted ſhe ſtands;
Her woes the tribute of a tear demands.
Hark! yonder groves the ſolemn theme reſound!
On Cælia, death inflicts a mortal wound.
What—then, is Cælia dead? Yes—earth no more
She deigns to viſit;—now the æthereal ſhore

Her

Her ſpotleſs ſoul triumphant doth receive,
Far too ſublime in mundane climes to live.
But ceaſe:—let reaſon over grief prevail,
Let reaſon bear aloft th' important ſcale.
Spend not the day in tears:—fond parent ceaſe;
Forbear to mourn; may ſorrow's tide decreaſe.

HONORIA.

Oh! urge me not, Lemira! ſlow retire?
Can ſorrow, then, thoſe harſh demands require?
In vain can words attempt to ſoothe my cares;
They but increaſe the torrent of my tears.
A ſiſter's dead!—yes—harmleſs Cælia died,
While in yon ſhade we did at eaſe reſide.
Lo! drowſy ſlumber clos'd thy youthful eyes,
When gentle Cælia ſought her native ſkies.
From me ſhe's fled—Oh piercing, cruel death!
Which robb'd the little innocent of breath.
Relentleſs tyrant! ſtill he breaks my reſt,
And tore an infant from its mother's breaſt.
Lament with me, in ſorrow ſympathize,
Thou riſing ſun! whoſe glory gilds the ſkies.
Wretched and hapleſs, deſtitute I rove,
My mournful accents ring thro' every grove.

Soft

Soft Philomel! the death of Cælia mourn;
My Cælia's gone, and never will return;
While midnight reigns, the ſolemn theme prolong,
Till bright Aurora brings the chearful morn.

A SOLILOQUY.

MY ſoul ſhall ne'er the LORD diſtruſt,
Who always will ſupport the juſt,
When ſtorms internal roar;
And pow'rs ſatanic threaten pain,
Prepar'd t' extend their baneful reign
O'er every mental ſtore.

The righteous, GOD will not forſake,
Nor his eternal compact break,
In death he will be near;
When waſting wolves invade the flock,
CHRIST is their ſhepherd and their rock,
Let every nation fear.

Thy

Thy power, immenſe! O LORD, diſplay;
Let barb'rous realms thy will obey
And tremble to offend;
Abide in deep humility;
To great JEHOVAH bow the knee;
May Iſrael's GOD defend.

A PRAYER.

EFFULGENCE bright! celeſtial eſſence pure!
All-ſeeing GOD! efficient ſource of power
And unexhauſted love! thy flock ſurvey;
Collect thy ſheep, and ſpread the goſpel day:
Incline the hearts of all mankind to thee,
Preſerve from ſin, and from temptation free.
Let judgment riſe to teach the froward ſoul,
And truth ſublime the ſons of men controul.
When ſhall the day, the promis'd hour be come,
That righteouſneſs in ſplendor bright may bloom;
Withhold not grace: deign, LORD! to viſit man,
And ſpeed the work thy goodneſs firſt began;

The

The thoughtful mind with heavenly truths inſpire,
Chaſe every gloom, and influence each deſire.

ÆTATIS 15.

ON PATIENCE.

Ἀνδρὸς τὰ προσπίπτοντα γενναίως φέρειν.

THEE, Patience, next in flowing verſe I ſing,
Thou ſhield of wiſdom! Heaven's eternal ſpring!
Celeſtial joys from thy fair fountain flow,
And beaming glories treat the world below.
When droops the ſoul, thy charms abſorb our pains,
Faith undiſturb'd, beyond affliction reigns.
Sedate and calm, our ſuff'ring optics ſee
The ſcythe of time approach mortality,
Unmov'd, unchang'd; thro' all the woes we feel,
Superior patience curbs the ſtubborn will.
Great kings may boaſt, and ſceptics may deny,
But he is bleſs'd, who bears without a ſigh
Thoſe deep probations, which may virtue try.

Subſtantial

Subſtantial patience forms the hero's mind,
His fortitude, by adverſe toils, refin'd;
By thee, O Patience! goddeſs heavenly bright,
The ſhrine of reaſon yields a ray of light.
Sublimely gifted, men expreſsly feel
The ſubſtance given, their ſubject of appeal;
Superior worth to gratitude muſt flow;
For genuine greatneſs doth on goodneſs grow.
No more exceſs can its vile root ſupply,
Since fevers, gouts, and aſtmahs, all go by;
What muſt be ſuffer'd, men attempt to ſhun,
But faith and patience is the agent's crown,
Which mounts o'er death, and bids his virtue ſoar
Where laſting bliſs, by wiſdom, ſhall endure.
Patience and faith, with all the world commerce,
This bids us prove, and that endures its force;
Juſtice and kindneſs to the wiſe belong,
That real pleaſures may delight the young.

THOUGHTS

ON READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Vides, ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte; nec jam ſuſtineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes; geluque
Flumina conſtiterint acuto. HOR.

FAREWEL, ye ſhades! ye rural joys extinct!
Beneath the ſpreading holm, or branching fir,
No more the groves can pleaſe; cold winter reigns,
The ſun declines, and ſlopes his feeble rays;
Loud ſtorms impend, and falling rime adorns
The lofty elm, or decorates the pine.
Lo! nature mourns; the flowers no longer bloom,
Nor fragrant ſweets delight amid the vale;
The hyacinth and daffodil reclin'd,
No longer pleaſe: the primroſe dies away,
And fair Narciſſus droops his charming head.
No more the tufted lawns or foreſts pleaſe,
Nor lovely proſpects greet the ranging eye;
Leafleſs the trees, and ſtripp'd the bounteous fields;

Black

Black low'ring clouds the azure ſkies o'ercaſt,
And ſpread a dreadful gloom.——
Cold, nitrous ſalts the ſtanding pool congeal,
And frozen ſtreams confine the fleeting ſkiff.
The gelid north its frozen millions pours,
And hoary garments clothe the pregnant ſoil.
Lo! hardy ſwains ſurround the ſmoking hearth,
And ſhrink to turn the glebe.——

With wide deſtructive rage the floods unite,
Inveſt the vale, and drown the fertile plain;
The far-fam'd Danube laves its watry ſedge,
And deep majeſtic Thames o'erflows its banks;
Nor can the Elbe his mighty rage contain,
Nor yellow Tiber's bounds its billows ſtay;
The dams are vague, and half the country drown'd;
The inundation, art in vain ſurveys.
Lo! ample meads in water buried lie,
And ſcarce the pine diſplays its branching head.
His eyes the ſtranger turns, and views aghaſt!
A deep circumfluent ocean on the land!
No painted flowers adorn the cultur'd ſpot,
Nor groves nor purling ſtreams can ſoothe the ſoul.
See! pleaſure flies; hoarſe winds aſſault the roof,

And pregnant clouds deſcend in ſheets of rain;
No gentle breezes like the zephyrs blow
To fan the ſwain with their od'rif'rous wings;
But hollow ſtorms, and driving rains diſturb;
The muſic of a dark tempeſtuous night.

ÆTATIS 15.

CON-

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

CONTEMPLATIONS, &c.

On OMNIPOTENCE.

——— Ut his exordia primis
Omnia et ipſe tener Mundi concreverit orbis,
Tum durare ſolum, et diſcludere Nerea ponto,
Cæperit; et rerum paullatim ſumere formas. VIRG.

SAY, whence aroſe this ancient globe,
This round, capacious earth?
Who form'd the day? created man?
And to the beaſts gave birth?

'Twas that primæval power divine,
Whoſe wiſdom infinite
Inſcrib'd the Heavens, and bound the air,
And to the ſun gave light.

Dividual ſhades GOD form'd, and ſpheres;
He bade Arcturus riſe;
Orion and the Pleiades
Adorn the vaulted ſkies.

He ſpoke, and gloomy darkneſs fled,
Imperfect chaos fear'd;
The limpid waves of the vaſt deep
His awful mandates heard.

Thro' Heaven his living chariot roll'd,
To change the realms of night;
When angel forms, attending, ſaw
Their great CREATOR's might.

Who, but OMNIPOTENCE, could cauſe
This world to ſpring from nought?
With power combine earth, fire, and air,
As his preſcience taught?

When worlds were made, withdrew the vold,
And nature's threſhold ſhook;
Obſequious, then each ferment ceas'd,
And peace thro' diſcord broke.

He fix'd Atlantian hills ſecure,
And bade Mount Ætna riſe,
Whoſe horrid cataracts of fire
Obſcure th' incumbent ſkies.

'Twas

'Twas his own power that rais'd yon arch,
Which circumſcrib'd the light;
Reſtrain'd the Caſpian riſing tide,
And every greater ſight.

God firſt deſign'd and clear'd the way
For various plants to grow;
He made the rains, in plenteous ſhowers
Refreſh the vales below.

Congeal'd in clouds, deſcends the ſleet,
Whence comes the hoary froſt?
Who ſwell'd the earth's redundant ſtreams,
Or cloth'd the barren coaſt?

Tell, if thou canſt, from whom, but God,
The ſtorms of hail deſcend;
Who bade deſtructive north winds roar,
And earth's vaſt convex rend?

What man can count the twinkling ſtars?
Or rule the clouds of Heaven?
What being can bound his matchleſs grace?
Or ſum the bleſſings given?

He gave to beaſts peculiar ſenſe,
To ev'ry bird his wings;
Where Argus' hundred eyes are match'd,
Our admiration ſprings.

The grand veſtigia of his might
With ſtedfaſt thought ſurvey;
See how the ſtork contemns the plains,
Or mounts th' æthereal way.

God in the rampant horſe hath lodg'd
Superior ſtrength to thine,
When his dire thunder cloth'd his neck,
And made his courage ſhine.

Can men depreſs his heart with fear,
Or make his pride retire?
From out his gaping noſtrils pour
Thick clouds of breathing fire.

Elate with might, in the low vale
His feet concutient prance;
'Mongſt thronging helms and blazing ſhields
His brawny ſinews dance.

From

From his broad breaſt the barbed dart,
And glitt'ring ſpears rebound;
His rage, impatient, ſpurns the earth,
And tears the meeting ground.

The air, unterrify'd, he ſnuffs,
And joins the din of war;
To battle led, he knows the field,
And kens the foe from far.

Can'ſt thou command the lordly hawk's
Expanded wings to fly;
Or with the eagle meet the ſun,
And build thy neſt on high.

God will abaſe the wanton mind,
And cauſe the proud to bow;
The humble ſoul he will exalt,
And bring the lofty low.

He drew Behemoth's wond'rous ſhape,
Whom no man can deſcribe;
Where'er we turn his glory reigns,
Confeſs'd by every tribe.

Wilt

Wilt thou command leviathan
To leave his native deep?
Or on his wat'ry couch disturb
The monstrous whale from sleep?

Terrific horror clothes his face,
Aurora gilds his eyes;
Replete with day, as when the morn
In crimson robes the skies.

God reigns beyond what man can trace,
Unbounded and alone;
Lord of the universe, its sire,
Whom great archangels own.

He form'd celestial saints secure,
Bade sapient seraphs glow;
His nimble cherubims perform
Their message here below.

Whence came the glaring comet's train?
Its vast stupendous size?
Whose long elliptic curves we trace,
With wonder and surprize.

Search

Search all creation's ample round,
Behold the hemiſphere;
Whatever's great th' ALMIGHTY form'd,
To prove his preſence there.

Borne thro' the vaſt cærulean ſpace,
His holy ſpirit rode;
The ſolid earth's foundation ſhook,
And men and angels prais'd the ſame ETERNAL GOD.

On the OMNIPRESENCE of the DEITY.

——Deum namque ire per omnes
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum.
VIRG.

THIS world ſhall fade, the earth ſhall change,
But Heaven ſhall ne'er decay;
There great JEHOVAH proves his might,
With vaſt unbounded ſway.

His

His preſence every where extends,
Ev'n, tho' the mind explores
Th' amazing hills of Cambria's realm,
Or roves on deſert ſhores.

Where barbarous Ethiopians rage,
Or fierce Cyreneans dwell,
Where Nilus' ſeven-mouth'd ſtreams diſcharge,
Or Cyprian waters ſwell.

But ſhall we croſs Sarmatian heaths?
Arabia's mountains tread?
Or where Ecbatana once rear'd
Her proud aſpiring head?

Ev'n there we may perceive the hand
Of GOD, in power divine,
Whoſe countleſs orbs, reveal'd by night,
In perfect order ſhine.

Go, penetrate Serician ſtates,
Where great Iſſedon ſtood;
Deſcribe the rocks whence Ganges' ſprings
In treble rivers flow'd.

Explore

Explore Trinacrian caverns dark,
  Blind Polypheme's grim cave;
Search, if thou can'ſt, the deep profound,
  And mark each ſurging wave.

Speed thy purſuit in Perſia's gulf,
  And hide where dolphins lie;
Yet there the ſoul finds no retreat
  From GOD's all ſearching eye.

Deſcry Mercurius' ſultry ſtar,
  Near Sol's tranſpiercing blaze,
Intrench the ground where Nubians dwell,
  Or ſhun his fervid rays.

But can we tread bright Venus' fields,
  Where laſting concord reigns,
And mirth and bliſsful ſcenes abound
  On lov'd Idalian plains?

Go, mount the moon, or dare ſurvey
  The ſanguine globe of Mars,
Where ſome, with ſpecious notions, tell
  Of ever fatal wars.

Invert.

Invert thy flight thro' fields of air,
Traverſe the plains of Jove,
Where wiſdom lends to Phœbus' beams
What lunar ſyſtems prove.

Think not, in Saturn's dreary orb,
To hide our ſins from GOD;
For there he reigns, and pleads for truth,
In that obſcure abode.

Conſider all the ſpace of Heaven
To raiſe our views combin'd,
The univerſal parent there,
The only GOD we find.

On the DIVINE OMNISCIENCE.

Ἐ̓ΙΣ δ' ἐς' αὐτογενής·———
οὐδέ τις αὐτὸν
Ἐισοράα θνητων, αὐτὸς δε γε πάντας ὁρᾶται. Orph.

NO more can we our thoughts conceal
From GOD's pervading eye,
Than from his omnipreſence, man
Thro' ſpace immenſe can fly.

In vain the bad preſume to hide
Their pride and falſe deſigns;
He knows their thoughts, he proves the heart,
And tries our ſtubborn reins.

In vain ſhall man premeditate
The abject deeds of fraud,
And in his ſecret chamber ſay,
"Sure there exiſts no GOD."

Who dares deny what nature ſpeaks?
The ſtars declare his might;
The laws of motion freely tell
There's one that's juſt and right.

That power of reaſon, deem'd our own,
This general truth muſt ſhew,
Reform'd by Heaven, when every ſoul
Peculiar grace ſhall know.

As more diffuſe the ſun ſhall riſe,
Whoſe glorious light hath ſhone,
So find we GOD's prevailing love
To warm the heart of man.

Did not his holy ſpirit reprove,
(To conſcience I appeal)
Before we ſought the path to Heaven,
And ſhunn'd the gulf of hell?

GOD knows the breathings of the ſoul,
The fervour of the mind;
Who made the world is with us there,
And bids the heart be kind.

What

What in this chequer'd life is lodg'd,
  But PROVIDENCE can tell?
Whoſe wiſdom fram'd the æthereal ſkies,
  By his own pow'r and will.

ÆTATIS 15.

A CONTEMPLATION
ON THE
PROVIDENCE of the DEITY.

——— ἐϛι δὲ πάντως
Αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ πατὴρ, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ πάντα τελευτᾷ,
Ἀρχὴν αὐτὸς ἐχων ἅμα καὶ μέσον ἠδὲ τελευτήν. Orph.

PRAISE ye the LORD, extol his name,
  Loud hallelujahs ſing;
From Sinai's height, or vallies low,
  Praiſe Heaven's eternal KING.

When in the eaſt Aurora moves,
  T' unbar the gates of light,
What mind can then forbear to praiſe
  The Origin of Might?

Say, when the ſun the ſummit gains
Of yon æthereal ſky,
The CAUSE of cauſes muſt be there,
And PROVIDENCE is nigh;

Or if from weſt Hibernian realms
The light withdraws its ray,
Conceal'd behind th' aſpiring hills,
When ev'ning crowns the day;

What pious ſoul can ceaſe to feel
The warmth of mental praiſe?
The ſongs of triumph which extol
Him who inſpires the lays?

Before the earth was render'd kind,
His holy ſpirit was there;
Before its plains could be produc'd,
His Providence was ſure.

He gave the ſpring of human peace,
And ſheath'd the force of pain;
The ruling pleaſure of the mind
His wiſdom did obtain.

Where

Where light refracted form'd its gems,
His word commiſſion'd ſenſe;
The ſame Almighty Power was near,
In faith and conſequence.

All things were made to ſpeak his praiſe
By the effect of truth;
Men ſaw, and wonder'd at the ſight,
When thought explain'd its worth.

There's not a creature bleſs'd with life,
But PROVIDENCE can raiſe;
A world of beings lend their charms
To celebrate his praiſe.

The eye, the mind, the hope, or ſenſe,
Incline in their degree;
Election, inſtinct, ſtill 'twas GOD
That drew the plan for thee.

What freedom wills, when reaſon ſpeaks,
By favour ſeems our own;
Man lives by grace, left free to chooſe,
While glory is his crown.

Taſte! beauty! phyſic! claſs the herbs
Imagination cries,
Their ſymmetry and parts declare
The world is no diſguiſe.

The Power that form'd the ſtars of Heaven
Has kindly bleſs'd the earth
With all the fervour of the ſpring,
And every teeming birth.

No element diſplays its force,
Or adverſe ſhade impends;
But GOD regards the main deſign,
And his own power extends.

One common air his creatures breathe;
Benevolence is free;
His attributes regard each kind,
In nature and degree.

The ſeer, the king, the peaſant reigns,
Their quality is fair;
The friends of learning claim his love,
As Daniel found him near.

There's

There's no eſtate, or gain below,
No ſubject but it thrives;
Religion ſeaſons every theme
And doctrine, while it lives.

The righteous mind can never fail,
Tho' nature feel diſtreſs;
Our peace with GOD is always ſure,
In ſearch of happineſs.

Such grateful help our minds explore,
As doth his preſence ſhew;
Such perfect beauty proves his might,
That PROVIDENCE is new.

Hid in the mine, ſuperior art
Invites the ſearching eye;
Amid the foreſt Heaven appears,
And wafts its wonders by.

Survey the oak, whoſe acorns fall,
Our admiration grows;
Trace the dependance of each plant,
From GOD its verdure flows.

The gen'rous æther pent in tubes,
  Suſtains its native force,
Renews the leaf, extends the branch,
  And proves a living ſource.

Our gracious LORD is not ſo ſtrict
  As to confine the theme;
His word attracts to all extent,
  The perfect mind's eſteem.

In its preſcription, time, and ſpace,
  Reflecting thought ſurveys
Thoſe riſing beauties with delight,
  Which PROVIDENCE diſplays.

ÆTATIS 16.

REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMAN MIND.

THOU Holy Spirit! effulgent light!
  Eternal PROVIDENCE!
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power
  Of life and recompence.

When

When firſt the mind with reaſon fraught
  Beheld apparent bliſs,
She lov'd to contemplate her choice,
  And long'd for happineſs.

Inſpir'd with hope we ſaw the goal
  To which our faith ſhould fly;
We found our peace our greateſt good,
  And judgment was our cry.

Thoſe accidents which health diſturb,
  Mankind would fain avoid;
The LORD inſpires all thoſe that wiſh
  To abnegate their pride.

Reſpect exalts each rule of life,
  To ſatisfy our want;
Man ſhould be active, we believe,
  As PROVIDENCE hath meant.

This ſtate of ſuff'ring muſt convince
  We need internal aid;
The ſoul depends on what it feels,
  And yet it muſt perſuade.

There's

There's not a prophet, prieſt, or prince,
But Heaven can change his mind;
The virtuous few of every tribe
For glory were deſign'd.

All human pow'rs are found too weak
To paint the ſhades of light;
No finite being can rival Heaven,
To crown its own conceit.

The ſoul inſpir'd reclines on truth,
It muſt in fact ſubmit;
The mind of man was never bleſs'd
With independent wit.

When grace refines, who dares deny
Salvation for our gain?
Man meditates, his heart is mov'd,
This favour to obtain.

Dependence follows every thought
The minds of men explore;
By things poſſeſs'd, ſome recent gift
Prompts an increaſing ſtore.

The love of virtue GOD inſpires,
Whoſe grace promotes our gain;
Men catch at phantoms while they think,
And often ſtrive in vain.

Th' imagination hath its play;
Can ſyſtems this deny?
Mankind inform'd, amid their fears,
May future peace enjoy.

The good man labours without vice
To nurſe the buds of ſenſe;
GOD is our refuge on complaint,
Our guide, and ſure defence.

There's not a thought but Heaven perceives,
Where no temptation ſtays:
In his own meaſure of compare,
The man that wants, obeys.

Diſtinct from hence, a thouſand worlds
Extend the mind's review;
Where univerſal glory reigns,
The theme is ever new.

Station,

Station, deſign, and circumſtance
  Contribute to extol
The wiſe diſpoſer of effects,
  In man's obſervant ſoul.

The prudent mind is not oppreſs'd
  In thoſe uncertain bounds
Of raſh preſcription, which exclude
  The healing of its wounds.

The wiſe CREATOR of the world
  Inſpires ſublime delight;
Supernal goodneſs ſeals the bond
  Which keeps the heart upright.

Sometimes peculiar thought exceeds,
  Perfection to ſurvey;
Wiſdom proportions every gift,
  That nothing may betray.

Habit, affection, have their pole,
  Contingents ſtand for truth;
Another morn excites our care,
  And wins the ſoul from ſloth.

GOD

Can Mercy leave us with contempt?
Redemption ſheaths our pain;
The pearls of glory raiſe their price,
As grace can truth obtain.

The LORD JEHOVAH is our ſtrength,
His word will bleſs and ſave;
Wiſdom and power rejoice the ſoul,
And reign beyond the grave.

ÆTATIS 16.

THOUGHTS ON REDEMPTION.

WHAT tho' this world and all its gems decay!
This human frame return to native clay!
What ſtrife is there? Why ſhrinks the ſoul at death?
Why ebbs its love, and generous tide of mirth?
'Tis on impos'd conditions mortals live,
Men reign with ſaints, or ſink below the grave.
The ſoul is anxious, tempted, madly bold;
For tranſient pomp eternal joys are ſold.

Say,

Say, whence on earth ſuch flatt'ry ſhould avail?
What ſervile pleaſure can be virtue's jail?
Say, why is man ſtill ſubject to miſtake?
What ails the ſoul, if death his poignard ſhake?
Suſpend the thought; go, penetrate the deep;
Waves forc'd on waves the wat'ry ſurface ſweep.
Who lives muſt die; the laws of nature feel;
This truth is ſure, th' ALMIGHTY acts by will;
Heaven is our joy, OMNISCIENCE forms the juſt;
For CHRIST we wait; in him we put our truſt.
Our SAVIOUR comes; his grace fair virtue feels;
The righteous ſoul to faith and life appeals.
Sin, thro' our weakneſs, will the heart ſubdue,
Except CHRIST JESUS doth its hope renew.
Strike off the debt; he did for ſin atone;
He will forgive, when mercy crowns the throne.
Say, ſons of men! his attributes unite,
When free Redemption fills the ſoul with light.
OMNIPOTENCE o'er all things doth preſide;
His wiſe appointments beſt for man provide.
He who hath knowledge muſt by duty riſe,
The powers of reaſon penetrate diſguiſe:
Faith wrought in man, is by the gift of GOD;
We live by grace, and his perfections laud.

Sing,

Sing pure hoſannahs! meet the heavenly pow'r,
In word and deed, eſſential love adore.
Mankind are mean, their pride deſerves contempt;
Without our LORD, our hope becomes exempt.
No theme, no work can entertain our wit;
But want of goodneſs muſt be want of right.
We leap the wall, oppoſe impending ill,
Regard with reverence what extends our ſkill.
It muſt be ſo; the pattern muſt be man;
The love of GOD this myſt'ry will explain.
For one and all, the LORD OF LIFE deſcends,
His light and truth with no exception blends;
CHRIST liv'd on earth to fix his juſtice there,
His kind protection form'd the debt of pray'r.
Pow'r join'd with goodneſs, grace muſt love inſpire,
Men ſtrive in vain to purify deſire.
On the third day the PRINCE OF PEACE repell'd
Th' impervious darkneſs which his might conceal'd.
He who deſcended, did aſcend on high,
To place redemption in th' empyreal ſky.
The light of truth our intellects may raiſe,
Till reſignation claim undoubted praiſe.
Man needs a Saviour; Heaven alone is good,
What nature lacks, by grace is underſtood.

The

The ſuff'ring world ſhall its allurements leave,
To laud that power which never can deceive.
Heaven is our hope, the LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
He dwelt with man; truth his own work explains.
Thro' faith ſublime his attributes unite,
His might and juſtice every good excite:
All finite genii limp towards the grave,
And habit fails them like ſome party ſlave.
But our deliv'rance is by CHRIST procur'd.
Who Satan vanquiſh'd by his holy word;
The powers of hell in certain bounds reſtrain'd,
Shall, trembling, own him GOD, by Pow'r explain'd.
No parts, nor learning high or low, ſhall rant,
We aſk redemption, and the goodneſs meant;
Heaven, earth, and ſaints, enjoy thereby their peace:
The SAVIOUR comes, he comes with our releaſe.
Indulgent mercy, truth, and future good,
Love, and the croſs, are clearly underſtood.
Jew! Heathen! Turk! opinion ſurely fails;
The world's preſcription every truth curtails;
Our minds deprav'd oppoſe celeſtial light,
Or glare like comets in th' expanſe of night.
We, unprotected, often ſpurn our lot,
Depend on habit, and expire, forgot.

The holy ſpirit our virtue can renew;
Loſt in condition, Heaven reforms the Jew.
Ariſe, ye dead! the word was freely given,
And muſt be anſwer'd by our truſt in Heaven.
Man reigns thro' CHRIST; like John, we feel his love,
Reſt on his boſom, and our actions prove.
Riſe then, and live; poſſeſs this glorious power;
For JESUS ſuffer, and with ſaints adore.

ÆTATIS 16.

EPISTLE II.

ON PLEASURE.

Ἡγὰς παράκαιρος ἡδονὴ τίκτει βλάβην.

Otia corpus alunt, animus quoque paſcitur illis;
Immodicus contrà carpit utrumque labor.

OVID DE PONT.

IF nor my lines, nor numbers you deſpiſe,
At Shillingford Uranian pleaſures riſe;
If there the mind the Muſes' gifts require,
And calm reflection claims the poet's fire,

Obſerve the ſequel, give the wiſh'd excuſe,
Accept the tribute of a brother's muſe.

Shall wiſdom paſs us? ſhall the juſt man fail?
Good ſenſe be pent in pleaſure's loathſome jail?
If generous themes our youthful minds delight,
Expreſs each thought with judgment, not conceit;
Deſcant with prudence, ſiſter; write of truth,
This beſt becomes us, 'twill improve our youth.

In wiſdom's ſchool, no ſtate nor ſyſtem fails,
Nor grateful eaſe, beyond delight, prevails;
The ſtudious mind is not content with toys,
Nor crowns its leiſure with uncertain joys:
Some kind retreat reflecting reaſon ſeeks,
To arm the ſoul before the heart miſtakes.
Whether thro' groves or diſtant fields we tread,
The rays of beauty compaſs every ſhade;
O'er hill and dale the mind for pleaſure flies;
There's no enjoyment like celeſtial joys.
The man poſſeſs'd of all his eye can reach,
In debt to virtue, muſt his heart impeach;
The lively ſcenes of the exalted ſpring
A while may pleaſe us, like ſome tranſient thing;

We

We walk beſide the cryſtal brook in vain,
Conflict with pride, or truſt our wit with pain.
No dream thro' life can plead the mind's excuſe;
The ſoul by truth withſtands unkind abuſe.
Thro' PROVIDENCE our various talents grow,
We chuſe delight, and ſhun the paths of woe.
From ſocial converſe, friendſhip is our plan,
The LORD's appointment in the heart of man.
There's not a mortal reaſons here below,
But ſees from virtue happineſs muſt flow.
Where fortune ſmiles, condition frowns in vain;
Adapted well, all nature may be gain;
Judgment, eſteem, and honour, wrath appeaſe,
All wiſdom's pupils court the power to pleaſe.
Loaded with flow'rets from the verdant mead,
On Thames' fair banks thy happineſs I'll plead,
In yon kind vale where fragrant roſes blow,
Or where the hills command the plains below.

Silence, ye cities! toil no more for gain;
Your pride diſſembles riches to your pain.
The ſtudious mind is chearful without rant,
Is calm in freedom, and ſecure in want;
Condition changes while our virtues riſe;
There's no invention long obtains diſguiſe.

Unlock the ſkiff, give ſome kind hand the oars,
Deſire our friends to row for Whitnam bowers;
In ſocial pleaſure ſpend the live-long day,
And mark thoſe beauties which the hills diſplay;
Dreſs'd in her veſture of a thouſand dies,
Contemplate Nature, ere the ſummer flies;
Made for delight, enjoy th' impending groves,
Survey each proſpect, as keen fancy moves.

Behold Matheſis with her lines deſcend,
The ſpires of Oxford reckon to ſome friend;
The univerſe by fair deſcription trace,
Beyond the mountain ſkim th' immenſe of ſpace.
Thro' neighbouring viſtos ſcan the gliding ſtream,
With condeſcenſion every view eſteem.
Explore the country in its various pride,
And change the northern for the ſouthern ſide;
Where Chiltern hills like whiten'd caverns glade,
Acroſs the vale extends their ample ſhade.

Silence, ye cares! retirement hath its joys,
Beauty is pregnant with renew'd ſupplies;
New ſubjects pleaſe, the grateful ſcene allures,
Each diſtant object ſome new charm procures.

The

The planted field a kind profuſion paints,
And draws a curtain o'er our cold complaints;
From every ſcene ſublime conceptions flow,
Of wonted goodneſs, and conſenting ſhow.

From the ſteep mountain hangs the tufted graſs,
The clift and covert treat us as we paſs;
Succeeding wonders lurk in every ſhade,
Creation ſmiles, and wiſdom doth perſuade.
But, lo! my fair, the evening bids retreat,
The ſun reclines, and dew impearls our feet;
Fancy would rove, but prudence calls aloud
For that concluſion which maintains our good.
The ſcene muſt change; each orbit hath its ſize;
The time for ſafety is the agent's prize.

ÆTATIS 16.

VERSES

Occaſioned by an unuſual freezing Rain, &c. in the Year 1766.

Ubi mors non eſt, ſi jugulatis Aquæ? MARTIAL.

THEN, does no bard, nor neighbouring poet ſing
Our late diſmay, the force of gelid rain?
Shall ſnow in heaps prevent the workman's toil?
And no deſcriptive pen reſume the theme?
If critics fail, I'll ſing the fate of trees,
Th' encreaſing frore on Trent's tremend'ous banks.
Here, Muſe, begin! tho' cold as death, ariſe;
Pourtray the ſcene; the vaſt incumbent weight
Of freezing atoms; when their points unite
In heaps of ice, and load the bending branch.

See oaks robuſt! amid the foreſt fell'd,
And, ſtripp'd of ancient pomp, divide the glaſſy turf.
Wild ruin roars; the pliant willow torn,
And heaps of browze o'ercharge the ranting team.

Sure

Sure Albion's iſle with pangs unfelt before
Aſtounds the mind; and horror ſpeeds ſurprize.

The ſleet endures to rend the ſtedfaſt woods,
O'erwhelm'd with weight beyond the ſtrength of wind;
Ev'n bluſt'ring Boreas' dire inclement ſtorms
Are feeble now, in all their might diſplay'd.
In many an acre dreſs'd in freezing ſhrouds,
The pomp of pines, and heads of elms incline.
Such terrors reign'd amid the chace below,
In Whichwood foreſt, and the precincts near.
Depreſs'd, behold the ſtubborn aſh reclin'd,
Elaſtic, bent, its top ſalutes the pit;
The arched grove depriv'd of half its ſhade,
Ice-lopp'd, disfigur'd, uneſteem'd, and rude.

Hark! nature groans! what ails the face of things?
No proſpect pleaſes while deſtruction roars;
Poliſh'd with ice, the ſcions daggers turn,
The knotted ſhrub a glitt'ring ſword projects.
Nor leſs inclement drives the freezing air,
Where heaps of ſnow conceal the northern plains.

Wond'rous event! full twenty cubits deep,
With mountain tops the vales repleniſh'd range.
Far to the north, th' impetuous cauſe ſurvey
In denſer air; an horizon of clouds!
Shot, or impell'd by ſome unuſual force.
Here inundations ſap the fence and fold,
There falls the rain more frozen to exceſs:
A twig becomes a pound; belief is vague,
Except to thoſe who ſaw the truths I ſing.
The ſun diſſolves the ſnow with gradual heat;
But here impending ruin cannot fail.
A flood commenc'd, a froſt defers its threats;
Lo! deſolation ſpoils an age's gain.

ÆTATIS 16.

SOLITUDE.

Nunquam minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus.

HAIL, glorious morn! ſublime, ſerene, and ſweet!
Fit time for thought; fit time to contemplate;

Calm

Calm is my breaſt, external objects fair,
Soft breathes the wind, and freſh the vital air.
From hills and vales tranſporting proſpects riſe,
A ſcene of glory round each emblem flies;
Where pines and cedars grow erect to fight,
The partial viſions of unbounded might;
Where nature ſmiles magnificently gay,
And various Flora ſpreads her grateful ſway.
Near whiſp'ring groves, and ever purling rills,
Æthereal SOLITUDE, fair goddeſs dwells;
Mov'd at her ſhrine, I ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
Indulge my ſoul, or fan its latent fire.

Say, SOLITUDE, how ſhall I dreſs my theme?
Thee moſt I court; thy happy ſhades I claim;
To dwell with thee, o'er barren heaths I tread,
Explore the fields, or croſs the verdant mead,
Swift with the morn my fancy takes its flight
Thro' realms of air, or mounts on rays of light;
Deſcriptive beauty greets my ſtudious mind,
Expanded hope, unbounded, unconfin'd.
With ſeraph's wings the mental ſenſes fly
To trace the wonders of their native ſky.
One while, ſublime, they weigh Mercurial air,
View Venus' plains, or tread where comets glare;

Con-

Contemplate Heaven, where globous planets roll,
Or ſcan the ſecret motions of the ſoul.
Lo! there the mind explores celeſtial ſigns,
Where every wonder, every ſplendor ſhines.

Swift thro' the void, the vaſt immenſe profound,
Where Heaven's Creator whirls the meteors round,
Extends deſire; divine perfections riſe
To waft the ſoul to taſte primæval joys.
With ſacred hope, Thought mounts the Sun's bright road,
And contemplates the various works of GOD;
Explores Arcturus, every ſign ſurveys,
Reſts or proceeds upon the full-grown days;
Thro' Leo glides, th' envenom'd Scorpion flies,
Like Libra, weighs yon azure-vaulted ſkies;
Avoids Aquarius, dreads the Centaur's bow,
Whoſe frigid ſigns involve the north in woe;
Beneath the Twins, the Bull's majeſtic ſize,
Where Cancer, Aries, and the Fiſhes riſe.

Oft borne on high, the ſoul admires the great;
Walks with the ſun, and calls the morn compleat,
Deſcries the ſpots that feed the ſpheric fire;
How keen is man! how ſubject to admire!

Whence

Whence thoſe ſupplies? how long the Sun can
burn!
And elements eventual, ſyſtems turn?
Why, preſs'd in orbs, ſtupenduous planets roll?
His wiſdom owns the beauty of the whole.

Swift Contemplation none but GOD can ſtay;
Thro' Heaven's wide portals, Thought directs its
way;
In viſionary ſcenes, lo! manſions riſe;
Tranſparent founts! the haunt of deities,
Where ſhapes angelic dwell; fair ſons of peace
Chant laſting praiſe, or laud unbounded grace.
Such power is thine, ſtupendous! maid of light!
To Heaven we mount, or ſink to endleſs night.
By thee the ſoul, contemplative, may ſoar
Sublime! reſiſtleſs! thro' thy plaſtic power.

Before the giddy mind depreſs'd with fear,
Inglorious dread, and vengeful fiends appear;
Torpid to ſenſe, infernal horrors riſe,
With ſuperſtition hell inſults the ſkies.
Can there in man ſuch adverſe darkneſs dwell?
Can vice forbid the freedom of the will?

Like

Like ſome tremenduous cloud, or threat'ning ſhow'r,
Frowns ſacred SOLITUDE, primæval power!
In thoſe vile hearts, who wickedneſs procure.

E'er earth aroſe, or genius was diſplay'd,
When dire confuſion lurk'd in every ſhade;
Before the Heavens, before the ſpheres of light,
Thou waſt with Wiſdom in her deſtin'd flight;
Thou with the GODHEAD had'ſt thy firſt abode,
With ancient Truth, the miniſter of GOD.
E'er Lucifer, in vengeance hurl'd from high,
Caught in tempeſtuous whirlwinds loſt the ſky;
Appall'd with judgment, when his legions fell,
Thy ſolemn counſel did his pride repel.
Convinc'd alone, he ſaw the ruling grace,
Creation ſpread beyond apparent ſpace.

JEHOVAH ſpoke: bade dire diſorder ceaſe,
And blind contention yield the palm to peace;
E'er pure, aereal ſubſtance roſe on high,
Transform'd to ſtars, and gem'd the azure ſky,
Divided fled the obſtacles of light,
Prone by attraction, and eternal might;

When

When thunders roll'd in matter dark and rude,
Adverſe to life, untemper'd, wild, and crude.
Thou ſaw'ſt the infant Sun to being riſe,
Refulgent ſplendor ſtreak'd the orient ſkies;
The juſtling rocks his rugged motion bore,
Upheaving pond'rous, from the bending ſhore;
Before the waters ſcoop'd the vales below,
Or recent meteors blended every ſhow;
E'er lightning tore the growing mountains ſide,
Or rolling ocean could the rocks divide;
Before exiſting matter found its place,
Nature had being, and wiſdom wrought with peace,
Thou had'ſt thy dwelling near the throne of GOD,
In higheſt Heaven, divinely underſtood.

ÆTATIS 16.

THE LABOURER'S COMPLAINT.

IS juſtice fled? Does Aſtrea deign no more
Free to expatiate o'er Britannia's ſhore?
Say, where retires the bleſs'd impartial maid?
Where lurks the goddeſs with her charms diſplay'd?

Hear,

Hear, and relent, ye favour'd ſons of pow'r,
Diſpel, or light each dull, each darkſome hour.
Attentive hear, while we our woes reveal,
A ſad, heart-piercing, melancholy tale.

Before the ſun, with kind reviving ray,
Flames in the eaſt, and morning gives the day,
Our toils begin; laborious pains endure;
The grain we thraſh upon the rattling floor.
What time advanc'd, refulgent Phœbus glows
Amid the zenith, then encreaſe our woes,
And painful ſweat falls frequent from our brows.
No reſt, no reſpite, no deſir'd delay,
No pleaſing conf'rence may beguile the day.
Thus live the poor; nor this our only thrall;
But famine, meagre famine, ſtarves us all;
Perpetual want encreaſes laſting pain,
Such our appointment, this the palm we gain.

Lo! when the ſun declines the ſkies above,
And dark'ning ſhades on earth's vaſt ſurface rove;
Or when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er Heaven's pure azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
We ſeek our cots; from daily labour freed,
To take a ſcant repaſt of homely bread.

But,

But, lo! our infants throng around the fire,
Or hang in cluſters on their drooping ſire.
Give bread—they cry—what tongue can bear to tell?
Who hear, unmov'd, the ſequel of our tale?
On oats we live; glean'd pulſe ſupply the feaſt;
The deſtin'd treatment of a lab'ring beaſt.
Sometimes, perhaps, on barley meal we feed;
Or, by hard labour, taſte the houſehold bread;
To quench our thirſt, a pond'rous pail we bring,
Repleniſh'd from ſome pure, adjacent ſpring.
Regard our fare, ye delegates of kings!
Ye pompous courtiers! ſay, whence ſuff'ring ſprings.

ÆTATIS 16.

TITYRUS.

TITYRUS. A MONODY.

Compoſed on the Death of A—— P——, an intimate Friend and School-fellow of the Author's.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? HOR.

Vitis ut arboribus decori eſt, ut vitibus uvæ,
Ut gregibus tauri, ſegetes ut pinguibus arvis;
Tu decus omne tuis. VIRG.

Ειμὶ δ' ἐγὼ παπάποτμος, ἴχω δ' ἀκορίστον ἀνίην,
Καὶ κλαίω τὸν——
Θνάσκεις ὦ τριπόθατε. Bion's Idyl. 1.

DEIGN to accept; much honour'd ſhade excuſe
The humble tribute of a mournful muſe;
Should ſhe attempt to ſing thy deathleſs praiſe,
A ſubject worthy more exalted lays;
Harſh are the numbers real grief inſpires,
Groans ſpeak that pain which ſorrow moſt requires.

Be waſte, ye vales! ye meadows ceaſe to pleaſe!
Retire, ye woods! ye walks between the trees!

Once

Once known to charm; delightful now no more,
Since much luv'd TITYRUS hath left your ſhore.
Ah me! how oft did he, ſad ſhepherd! rove
Far from his flock, 'mid ſome ramiferous grove;
There, rapt in thought, attended, tho' alone,
His pipe attun'd the ruſtic ſhepherd's ſong;
For, well he knew to build the lofty rhyme,
And with harmonious verſe beguile the time;
Smooth flow'd his numbers, all his thoughts were plain,
Tho' ſtriking metaphors adorn'd his ſtrain.
If, or impetuous love's increas'd deſire,
Did every ſoft, and melting ſtrain require;
Or if the dang'rous perils of the main,
Indignant Auſter's dire o'erwhelming train,
Were the grand ſubjects of heroic ſong,
Confeſs'd ſublime, ſuperior genius ſhone.

Silence, ye cares! ye themes commercial, ſtand!
In every region, thro' each barren land;
Say, muſt I paſs the deep? or ſtem the tide?
Or on the wings of wind, impervious, ride?
If thro' the thin, elaſtic fields of air,
My ſolitary courſe forlorn I ſteer;

Dwells there my friend? or muſt my feet explore
Where human footſteps never trod before?
You I implore, ye once frequented plains!
Reveal where now my lov'd aſſociate reigns;
Where waits my Tityrus? where ſhall I find
The juſt, the wiſe, the gentle, and the kind?
Ah me? I fondly dream! what tho' I fly
Thro' fields of æther which involve the ſky?
Yet there in vain my cogitations tend;
But miſs the bliſsful region of my friend.

Ye flocks! ye kine! in paſture ceaſe to feed,
With heads declin'd traverſe the flow'ry mead.
Come, genii, join this melancholy train,
And mourn in ſong th' unhappy ſhepherd ſwain.
One houſe contain'd us; taught on the ſame hill,
Sweet our repaſt, by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Dole, all ye nymphs! exclaim on every ſhore;
Ye ſhades repine, ye nodding woods deplore.

Thou, echo, ſhake the buxom fields of air!
And o'er th' extenſive world this meſſage bear.—
As falls the op'ning flow'r before the blade,
Once full in bloom, now wither'd and decay'd;

Thus

Thus in the ſpring of life, of youth the pride,
The ſtudious ſage, th' ingenious ſhepherd, died.
No more with gentler hand he props the roſe,
Or graceful prunes the vine's ſuperfluous boughs;
His ſkill no more the ſpangled mead adorns,
A barren waſte! a wilderneſs of thorns!
Thee, ſhepherd! thee, the hills reſponſive mourn,
Never! ah! never fated to return!

Ye fair, tranſlucent, kind, enlivening ſtreams!
Serene retreat from Sol's meridian beams;
Sweet temper'ment! your lucid meteors riſe,
Exclude the light, and cloud the ambient ſkies;
Ceaſe now to charm.—Ye mould'ring mountains roll;
Repeat the ſecret ſorrows of my ſoul.
Once more, ye verdant laurels! and once more,
Ye deep contiguous vales! my loſs deplore.
Be ſtill, ye waves! thou hoarſe reſounding main,
Let ſolemn ſilence ſpeak old ocean's pain!
No more celeſtial Thalia courts the woods,
Nor quits for man, the bliſsful ſtate of gods;
No more, harmonious, from the heavens ſhe deighs
To chant mellifluent numbers o'er the plains.

Condole with me, ye abject cities mourn;
Loſt is the bard; no more can he return.

To him did Chiron all his ſkill impart,
Learn'd in the courted Æſculapian art;
He knew the force of plants; expert to heal
The deep-ſtruck wounds of ſwift deſcending ſteel;
He knew to cool the fever's reſtleſs fire,
And with ſalubrious draughts bid death retire.
But now, alas! thoſe uſeful deeds are o'er,
The great, the learn'd, the ſapient is no more.

ÆTATIS 16.

EPISTLE III.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo——me cæpit habere ſuorum
In numero. HOR.

'TIS true, ſincereſt friendſhip once was ours,
In ſilent vallies, and in rural bowers;
Nor leſs, my friend! unchang'd by rolling years,
My ſtudious mind a pure affection bears;

Immortal

Immortal friendſhip! unaffected bliſs!
Soul-ſtriking joy, and ſolid happineſs!
Oh, ſtrange phœnomenon! could we ſo long
Refrain the ſpeaking quill, or copious ſong?
How could we thus, in ſilence loſt, remain,
Nor feel the ſtrange viciſſitude of pain,
And ſad anxiety, which ſighing wait
To know the various accidents of fate?
To whom muſt we aſcribe this deep ſuſpenſe?
Or how can I that kindneſs recompence?
Yes, I convicted yield; be mine the blame;
Grant me th' aggreſſor, and reprove with ſhame.
But yet awhile withold: dear youth excuſe,
And paſſive hear the concord-waking muſe;
She, loſt in thought, engag'd in various themes,
Had almoſt choak'd the ſoul refining ſtreams,
Which from the ſource of mutual friendſhip flow;
A pure celeſtial ſpring! fervid and ſlow.
Can I, unmov'd, our ſchool-boy tricks review,
And trace thoſe ſacred pleaſures known to few?
The ſame our thoughts, by union blameleſs join'd,
And one, th' internal impulſe of each mind,
That bleſs'd communion which aſſerts the friend.

But riſe, my languid muſe! thoughtful explore
Thoſe priſtine ſcenes, thoſe mutual tranſports o'er;
Go, penſive, ſearch the paſt records of time,
And ſeaſons known, æthereal and ſublime.
Then grateful roll'd the blithſome hours along,
Charm'd by thy ſmooth, deſcriptive, copious ſong.
Vacation then was ſweet; if, or the plains,
Or Windruſh' cryſtal ſtreams, where beauty reigns,
Prepar'd a cool receſs; there might we dwell
Beſide the dripping rock or murmuring rill,
Remote from every thought that breeds diſguſt;
We knew nor impious rage, nor foul diſtruſt;
In thought immers'd, we trod the flow'ry lawn,
Far from our paths by ſocial converſe drawn.
E'en now, alas! thoſe youthful ſchemes are o'er,
We reaſon down the ſetting ſun, no more.
But yet the ſilent pen my thoughts may tell,
With friendſhip's ſacred flame my numbers ſwell;
Eight long revolving years elaps'd, are gone,
Since firſt the ſeeds of amity were ſown;
Thoſe fair congenial thoughts, that cheriſh'd, roll
Deep in the latent chambers of my ſoul;
There ever let them reſt, till death ſhall part
My ſoul from life; its terrors thrill my heart;

Till

Till then, inviolable let them grow,
Thro' time encreaſe, and with freſh ardour glow.

Yet may we live, dear friend! in peace and love,
The laſting rapture of the ſaints above;
Be thoſe the breathings of my artleſs lays,
Be this the muſe's joy, her conſtant praiſe.

ÆTATIS 17.

A CONTEMPLATION
ON THE
DISSOLUTION of NATURE.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Que mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret, OVID.

——cum compage soluta
Sæcula tot mundi suprema coegerit hora,
Antiquum repetens iterum chaos; omnia mistis
Sidera sideribus concurrent.

——totaque discors
Machina divulsi turbabit fœdera mundi. LUCAN.

LET others sing th' inconstant fate of arms,
Presuming beauty, and terrestrial charms;
Bid warlike squadrons close in dire array,
And all the passions of mankind display.
While kings rejoice their empire to extend,
Each being exults, regardless of its end;
My muse would fain descend the plaintive sky,
Scan distant worlds, and future themes descry;

Deep

Deep rapt in thought, this awful ſcene purſue,
Its end, its final cauſe, and fate review.
Begin the ſong where pleaſing objects fail,
Earth's laſt convulſions, and old time bewail;
The waking dead, deſcriptive, then diſplay,
And cloth'd in terrors, ſin and death pourtray.
May God, my judge, my trembling muſe inſpire,
Truth crown each line, and breathe celeſtial fire!

Thro' denſe ſurrounding clouds my mind ſurveys
The weight of thought, its freedom and its maze;
Thro' tracts unknown, aſpiring fancy ſoars,
Where lightnings flaſh, and murmuring thunder roars;
Upborne ſublime, ſhe coaſts the realms of light,
Or mounts with hope ſupreme, ſerenely bright.
Afraid, I durſt fair Nature's exit ſing,
My ſlow ideas into language ſpring.
Behold,—revolv'd,—the rolling ſeaſons fly,
And thought preſents the end of nature nigh.
Sublime in air commiſſion'd angels riſe,
And prodigies tremendutus rend the ſkies.
The ſtars no more celeſtial ſpace adorn,
Nor radiant Phœbus brings the bluſhing morn;
Eclips'd

Eclips'd and loſt, they ſink in laſting night,
Or yield obedience to eternal might;
Wing'd with diſtreſs, they rouſe aereal war,
Strike other orbs, and quit their proper ſphere.
With crimſon ting'd, the queen of ſhade deſcends,
The moon no more refulgent ſplendor lends;
She, robb'd of light, or dipp'd in ſanguine dye,
Torn from her orbit, wanders round the ſky;
Strong, fair, and old, a miracle of might!
The ſun divides! great retina of light!
Encreaſing gloom his wand'ring ſtate ſhall veil,
And midnight ſhade o'er all his worlds prevail.
Night, ancient night, will mount her ſable throne,
And fractur'd chaos call thoſe dregs his own;
Old ocean break his deep contingent bound,
And rending earthquakes force the lab'ring ground.
Torn from their deep foundations, hurl'd on high,
Stupenduous mountains then ſhall cloud the ſky;
Wing'd thro' the intermediate ſpace, behold
Rocks whelm'd on rocks, and ſtars on planets roll'd.
Aghaſt and pale, the ſons of men ſurvey
Th' unrivall'd terrors of this awful day.
In vain they lock the cave, or climb the ſteep,
Confuſion gives them to the murmuring deep;

Rent

Rent are the vales; the lofty mountains nod,
And meteors, ſhot thro' meteors, wait on GOD.

But, lo! in air aſtoniſh'd ſyſtems ceaſe,
And wonder holds conflicting orbs in peace;
Stopp'd in full force confuſion halts on high,
A momentary ſilence calms the ſky.
Inclos'd in clouds, embower'd beyond compare,
Th' alarming trump divides the ambient air;
Around the globe its awful ſummons flies,
At once a voice tremenduous ſhakes the ſkies.
Struck thro' her works, aſtoniſh'd nature reels,
And recent pangs each ſuff'ring creature feels.
Earth trembling bows, the ſhatter'd mountains rend,
The works of ages in one moment end;
Old ocean heaves; the rattling tempeſts roar;
And mountain billows burſt the winding ſhore;
Vaſt deſolation proves celeſtial ire,
And flaming bitumen explodes in fire.

Hark! thro' th' immenſe of ſpace the trumpet ſounds,
The Heavens re-echo, and each orb rebounds.
Awake!

Awake! awake! a voice commanding cries;
Awake! awake! the mould'ring maſs replies;
Rous'd at th' amazing call, the dead revive,
Heav'n gives extent, and all conditions live.
The graves expand; up from the troubled main,
Sad thro' the deep, proceeds a ſhudd'ring train.
Hell hears the rending voice; her gates diſplay;
Death adds freſh horror to that woeful day;
Judg'd for deceit, Abaddon leads his powers;
Alarm'd, th' infernal pit unfolds its doors!
Permiſſion breaks thro' every mound of pain,
O'er Death and Hell the SON OF GOD will reign.
Sure, at the general doom, when ſummon'd there,
Not one that was, or is, but muſt appear.
Lo! ancient kings and princes join the train,
The preſcient bard, and aukward labouring ſwain.
What boots it once in Tyrian robes to ſhine?
The crimſon ſhades and nature's charms recline;
By kings reſpected, and by ſtates rever'd,
They, and their ſubjects, riſe, tho' unprepar'd.
Where lurks their boaſted pomp? ah! tell me where
Can regal ſceptres vindicate their ſphere?
Where is that fiend who made the nations bow,
And potentates obey his graceleſs law?

Where

Where now is every pleaſing phantom hurl'd?
Beneath the rubbiſh of a burning world.

An horrid ſcene Abaddon's mind employs,
Diveſted, robb'd of all affected joys;
Naked and trembling, loſt in wild ſurpriſe,
Aſſembling millions from the grave ariſe.
What quick tranſitions ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd eye!
From orb to orb diſtracted cherubs fly;
Angels appall'd, from ancient darkneſs come,
Dæmons aghaſt! forſake their baleful home.
Blended with men promiſcuous, myriads ſtand;
The vile ſhall hear an ultimate command.
To what ſhall then the ſlaves of ſin deſcend?
What diſpenſation wrath divine portend?
Conſcience muſt live, its mingled terrors ſtart,
As keen reflection moves the panting heart.

Behold yon ſhudd'ring crowd, aghaſt and pale!
With anxious thoughts await their wanting ſcale.
Their pangs encreaſe, eternal juſtice frowns!
And dire remembrance ſtings, while nature groans.
A plaintive ſound aſcends; ſhrieks pierce the air,
With cries for mercy, join'd with felt deſpair.

O'erwhelm'd with dread, they wiſh to end the ſoul;
But death nor darkneſs can their life controul.
The trumpet ſounds afreſh; the planets fire,
And ancient ſyſtems in the flames expire;
Vaſt glades of light emit a denſer blaze,
The ocean boils, and end the briny ſeas.
Mid this wide wreck of worlds, the juſt, ſerene,
With pleaſing awe behold the final ſcene;
Bleſs'd thro' redemption, hope excites their love;
Their joy, their peace, declare their truſt above.
What brings diſtreſs to yon abandon'd crew,
Bids them with pleaſure their paſt lives review;
Rejoic'd they ſtand; earth-rending judgments fall;
ALMIGHTY vengeance melts the terrene ball.
——'Tis done—behold th' eternal Judge deſcends!
Beneath his throne the vaſt expanſion bends;
A ſpangled bow the vault æthereal crown'd,
The beams of glory radiate light around;
A beatific train, refulgent ſight!
Attending ſaints laud everlaſting might;
Angels, arch-angels, cherubims conſpire,
And glowing ſeraphs fan their conſtant fire;
The grand proceſſion then all Heaven will join,
And radiant hoſts proclaim the ſcene divine.

—Deep

—Deep ſilence follows; let the harp ſuſpend;
While CHRIST in judgment bids mankind attend.
The ſacred records flaming ſpirits diſplay,
And all the works of men expoſe to day;
Our ſecret actions here muſt ſtand reveal'd;
No private thought from GOD can be conceal'd;
In vain the guilty ſhrink; the time is come,
That hour is given, which brings mankind their doom;
Confus'd they hear their foul ungracious deeds,
Fraud, rapine, rage, and ſoul-deſtroying creeds.

And now, th' eternal balance rais'd on high,
Reveals the fate of agents to the ſky;
The vile condemn'd; terrific thunders bear
This woeful doom to each flagitious ear:—
Ye wicked! whelm'd in baleful horrors, dwell,
For ever mourn, unreſpited in Hell;
Hell be your home, for ever fraught with fire,
Where the heart-gnawing worm inſults deſire.
Know, while on earth, while yet to live was given,
You ſerv'd not GOD, but ſcorn'd the grace of Heaven.

Once

Once more th' æthereal vault incumbent bends,
The trumpet then the vaſt expanſion rends;
Thro' ample ſpace offending millions fly,
Remote from Heaven, and everlaſting joy.

Here ends the peopled world; the mountains fire,
And all their fragments in the flames expire;
As when in ſtorms, the ſeas and winds ſurpriſe,
And toſs th' unwieldy veſſel round the ſkies;
The ſhip diſmaſted, ſtaggering, breaks in twain,
Rent by the waves, and daſh'd acroſs the main.
A ſhatter'd wreck! by ocean long embrac'd,
The ſport of winds, with all its art effac'd;
Wide ſpread around, her planks approach the ſhore,
And whelm'd beneath the deep her boaſted ſtore,
Nor it, nor ſhe, are fit for mortals more.
The ſlaves of ſin diſmiſs'd, Hell's gates entwine,
Prohibit old egreſs, and death confine.——
A manſion for the juſt, new Heavens ſhall riſe
From the laſt aſhes of theſe ſmoking ſkies;
There truth unaw'd ſhall dwell, pure peace abide,
And all that bliſs compleats, will GOD provide;
The full fruition of eternal love,
And converſe free with radiant ſaints above.

CHRIST

CHRIST here is all, men in bleſs'd concord reign,
And far remov'd all ſorrow, ſin, and pain;
They to their harps ſhall tune JEHOVAH's praiſe,
And join with angels in their ſacred lays;
The plenitude of bliſs! and endleſs day!
More than my mind can think, or pen diſplay.

ÆTATIS 17.

BENEVOLENCE.

RUDE were mankind, wrath-generating hate
And ſavage diſcord was their adverſe fate;
Confuſion reign'd; men knew but impious war,
The flames of luſt, or unremitted fear;
Deſtructive rapine fill'd the new form'd earth,
Ere GOD, below, gave ſacred friendſhip birth;
Diſtruſt in all its terrors rag'd alone,
There bound in chains ſuperior virtues groan;
With conſcious dread men heard the thunder roll,
They felt the ſuff'rings of an abject ſoul.
But GOD enthron'd in everlaſting light,
Array'd with ſplendor and preventive might,

Reveal'd by truth, in mercy ſtood confeſs'd,
And thus from high the human mind addreſs'd:—
How long ſhall fleſh with rage infernal glow?
How long ſhall hate augment the pains below?
Are then the bonds of ſacred friendſhip broke?
Muſt impious wrath the ſtrength of ſin provoke?
Riſe, fair Benevolence, diſpenſe abroad
Thoſe high beheſts which draw the ſoul to GOD;
Pervade their hearts, inſpire mankind to feel
The power of love, and rectitude of will;
Warm the cold breaſt, ſuſtain the wav'ring mind,
To grace and truth let harmony be join'd.—
Th' ALMIGHTY ſpoke; Benevolence obey'd,
Her heavenly image was with light diſplay'd,
In flowing robes of innocence array'd.
Æthereal! all divine! ſhe knew no ſtain,
Her form was free, her pleaſures yield no pain;
Inviſible and pure the goddeſs flew,
And ſhone ſublime her heaven directed view;
Down thro' the penſive mind ſhe ſoftly glides,
Confronts deſpair, and growing malice chides.
Hermit or ſage, ſhe warms the peaceful breaſt,
Or graceful executes her mighty truſt.

Thro'

Thro' genial thought, and life reviving deeds,
By all admir'd, the ſtriking goddeſs ſpeeds;
Sublime ſhe ventures to reform the ſtate,
And change conflicting broils and foul debate.
Hail, ſource of human peace! diſpenſing right,
Thou fair deſcendant of æthereal light!
Angelic virtues ſpread thy golden reign,
And join mankind in union's ſacred chain;
Far hence expel the latent ſeeds of death,
Dividing factions, and licentious mirth.
Sublim'd by thee the youthful mind ſhall glow,
Hence charity refines, and gen'rous actions flow.
Thro' thy grand influence all our proſpects riſe,
And hence the ſoul can draw renew'd ſupplies.
Without thee, what is all that earth can yield?
What, without thee, the various chequer'd field?
Enchanting proſpects! what are hills and dales?
Deep rooted rocks, and earth-pervading gales?
With thee the vallies ſmile, the world looks gay,
In ſocial friendſhip thoſe delights may ſway,
That converſe ſweet, which breaks the toil of day.
Thou bidſt the languid mind depreſs'd, revive,
Nature and thought, the ſpring of love, to live.

Riſe, queen of life, change every grov'ling ſoul,
Inſtead of rage may ſoft compaſſion rule.
Be thou to man, what wiſdom ſaith of love,
The ſhining virtue of the ſaints above.

ÆTATIS 17.

EPISTLE IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

——Rapidus montano flumine Torrens
Sternit agros, ſternit ſata læta, boumque labores,
Precipiteſque trahit ſylvas.——
Conſligunt Zephyruſque, Notuſque et lætus Eois
Eurus equis, ſtridunt Sylvæ, &c. &c. VIRG.

HAIL, ſtudious youth! ſublime Alexis, hail!
Yet may celeſtial Thalia form the tale;
That ſmooth melodious verſe, which grateful ſings
Of priſtine pleaſure and ſcholaſtic things.
I read, delighted, and well pleas'd, review
Thoſe ſoft melliſluent lines paſt ſcenes renew;
Still court the muſe, explore the flow'ry vale,
Frequent the ſhade, or the vaſt mountain ſcale.

No

No more the groves, the fair enamell'd plain,
The dew-beſprinkled lawn, and warbling train,
May penſive minds attract. Farewel, ye joys!
Froſt-nipp'd and mourning, graceful nature flies.
Adieu, ye ſhades! ye vernal tranſports! known
Beneath the ſpreading beech or laurel brown.
No more I muſe where winding rivers roll,
Or falling waters once could ſoothe the ſoul;
Far hence expell'd the zephyrs bland retire,
And ſtorms, conflicting ſtorms! to Heaven aſpire.

Hark! yon ſequeſter'd, dreary cavern, rends,
Fierce from the cliſt a deluge vaſt deſcends;
Drown'd are the meads, the nodding foreſts torn,
And down the flood adrift their foliage borne.
Methinks I hear the bluſt'ring tempeſt roar,
And ſurging ocean laſh the paſſive ſhore;
I ſee the river's yellow ſummit ſwell,
And one continued flood pour thro' the vale.

Lo! deep immers'd, o'erwhelmed by the tide,
There floating corn, and blended ruins ride;
Impetuous rolls the forceful flood along
O'er ſandy banks, and looſe disjointed ſtone.

How Auſter's wide deſtroying terrors rage!
Where winds, o'erwhelming winds! combin'd, engage.
Loud from the ſteep the bluſt'ring whirlwind blows,
And, torn by angry blaſts, the foreſt bows.

Serene, I contemplate this maze of things,
From whence the thunder rolls, and lightning ſprings;
How pent in clouds the flames envelop'd lie,
And long continued friction fires the ſky.
Penſive I mark where ſtars refulgent ſhine,
View diſtant ſuns, or trace the latent mine;
Thought ranges thro' interminable ſpace,
Beyond creation's bounds, or time, or place.
Or charm'd with ſcience, bids Matheſis riſe,
And demonſtration ſoar above diſguiſe.
She, bleſs'd celeſtial fair, informs the mind,
And many a ſcheme explains, by lines defin'd.
Or warm'd with Thalia's flame, I court the muſe,
And Satan's latent wiles in verſe diſcloſe,
And ſing ſalvation to the faithful Jews.
My mind beholds impetuous Zerah ſlain,
And ſtreams of blood pour thro' Zephatah's plain.

ÆTATIS 17.

A CON-

A CONTEMPLATION ON DEATH.

ΟΙΗ περ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και ανδρων.
——Αλλα σύ ταύτα μαθων, βιότυ ποτὶ τερμα
ψυχῆ των ἀγαθῶν τλῆθι χαριζομενος. Simonides.

——Omnes una manet nox;
Et calcanda ſemel via lethi. HOR.

MAY no terreſtrial charms o'erpower my ſoul,
Nor finite ſcenes ſubdue. Oh! thou divine,
Eſſential, mighty GOD! be thou my rock,
My prevalent ſupport; to thee I bow,
And only thee my reaſon can adore.
No other aid I aſk, no other hope;
Be thou my ſtrong, impregnable defence;
By thee upheld, ſerene, I'll view the wreck
Of overwhelmed worlds, and ſuns extinct.

Oh! grant thy care-diſpelling preſence, LORD!
My proſtrate ſoul to chear. Oh! penetrate
That denſe ſurrounding atmoſphere of doubt,
Which deep involves the contemplative mind;
Refreſh the languid heart; for thee we mourn
In ſolitary wilds, and deſarts parch'd,

Where no refreſhing ſtreams of comfort roll
To ſlake our ardent thirſt, ſave what thou giv'ſt,
Thou pure, exhauſtleſs, ſacred ſpring of life!
Oh ſanctify my thoughts, and let me feel
Thy all ſufficient grace. What then is earth?
What every mundane toy? and what the charm
Of human praiſe, or titles, void of life?
Inane and viſionary, ſhadows dark!

Oh! let RELIGION warm my penſive breaſt,
And ſtedfaſt faith ſupport my wav'ring ſoul.
Thou heavenly flame! thou death-defying power!
Be thou my ſacred guide; rule all my mind,
And far diſpel the ſecret fear of death,
That inward dread of the duſt-cov'ring grave.

With what compoſure! courage unappall'd!
Reſign the juſt this frail terreſtrial veſt,
This loathſome manſion of coercive clay.
To them death ſmiles; no terrors crown his brow;
His ſoul-relieving dart the tyrant ſhakes,
And ſtops the lab'ring avenues of life,
Its fair connections broke, th' exſtatic ſoul
Rejoicing mounts, by ſmiling angels borne,
And conſcious virtue amplifies its joy.

Why

Why ſhrink we then, and doubtful trace the deep?
Infinite time? the ever circling years
Of vaſt eternity?
'Tis conſcious guilt, and ſoul-defiling ſin,
Paints death in terrors, and diſmay'd explores
That dark uncertain vale; the dubious gloom
Of ſure futurity.
Behold yon faithleſs wretch, reluctant die,
Detain'd in death's coercive, grinding chain,
While his wild conſcience blaſts his every hope,
And ſad deſpair pourtrays the vails of ſin,
His paſt tranſgreſſions and eternal pain,
With all the ſtrange viciſſitude of guilt.
To his weak ſoul infernal phantoms riſe,
And threat'ning dæmons all his fears deride,
Or call him to the drear abode of night,
The baleful manſions of eternal woe.

Thus rove his tortur'd thoughts; his conſcience raves.
Meantime death frowns in terrifying dreams;
Earth cannot pleaſe; eternity he dreads;
And truth defies his hope to be no more,

Inſenſible

Inſenſible of time, in the deep grave
To reſt with mould'ring duſt, and native clay.

Theſe were thy fond deluſions: thus, O man!
Secure in ſin, thou once couldſt truth deride,
And doubt the ſure exiſtence of a GOD.
Whence then art thou? who call'd the ſoul to life?
Who rous'd thee, when inſenſible thou ſlepſt
With kindred clods, nor knew'ſt thyſelf to be?
While yet to live is given, and while the day
Æthereal ſhines, tho' dead in ſin, awake.
But man, proud man! inglorious ſlave to ſin,
Deſpiſeth freedom, and refuſeth CHRIST.
Know, man is mortal and immortal both,
Accountable for ſin, and muſt receive
The juſt reward, the product of his toil.
In time JEHOVH calls; the voice attend,
Before incens'd, he ceaſe to warn the ſoul,
And from us ſnatch the proffers of his love;
His love, that wafts beyond the pangs of death,
The good man's ſolace, and the ſaint's reward.
The day will come, when wrapp'd in angry flames
The fervid hills ſhall melt; old time ſhall end,
And this terreſtrial fabric be no more.

ÆTATIS 17.

A MEDITATION.

WHY doubts my ſoul? and why reclines
My mind in deep ſuſpenſe?
Th' ALMIGHTY lives; celeſtial love
Doth ſtill its beams diſpenſe.

What tho' to try my wav'ring ſoul
JEHOVAH hides his face?
Truth cannot fail, religion thrives,
And grows preſerving grace.

Withold not, LORD! that ſacred gift,
Preſerve my ſoul from ſin;
Let wiſdom ſpeak, thy mercy ſhine,
And all be pure within.

Oh! let me with ſubmiſſion bow,
On GOD dependent wait;
Prove every thought, and pray to feel
A calm reſigned ſtate.

Far

Far hence, ye diſſipating ſcenes,
Ye pain producing joys;
Retire, oh man! ſubmit, oh fleſh!
And fly ye lifeleſs toys.

In vain terreſtrial themes preſent,
Nor thirſts th' exalted mind,
For pleaſures felt this ſide the grave;
Its joys are more refin'd.

Oh! let me covet heavenly love,
And feel affection riſe,
Borne thro' this chequer'd vale of tears,
Preparing for the ſkies.

Reſound, ye groves! ye dented vales
Proclaim accepted praiſe;
Ye rocks recede, ye rolling floods
Attend my penſive lays.

Involv'd in ſin, my ſlumb'ring ſoul
Eternal love awoke;
Thro' the denſe cloud of errors dark
The rays of goodneſs broke.

Let

Let none diſtruſt the grace of GOD,
The powers of life explore,
When ſtrong temptations croud the mind,
And man would fleſh adore.

Thro' CHRIST we baffle every ſtorm,
And Satan's aims fruſtrate;
Faith be our ſhield, our rock the LORD,
And victory's compleat.

EPISTLE V.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

ATTACH'D to pride, is human ſcience vain?
Can juſtice dwell in each imperious ſtrain?
Shall judgment reſt on truth exploding ſchools?
And grace confine to men's preſcribed rules?

Reaſon, our grand, ſubſervient help deſign'd,
Should yet illumine the ſuperior mind.
We plead in vain: exalted virtue flies
Far from deceit, and opportune diſguiſe.

Seek

Seek truth, my friend, that glorious prize be thine,
Contemn exceſs, nor, prov'd by want, repine.
Pain GOD permits; temptations will preſent,
The mind by truth enjoys the goodneſs meant.
To one and all, primæval mercy ſhines,
A peaceful conſcience every heart refines.
The riſe of thought experience may explore,
Act but with knowledge, GOD requires no more.
The gift of grace is free; CHRIST died for all,
His love redeems and aids the penſive ſoul;
Free but to live; to die pertains to none,
The goſpel ſhines, and light diſplays its zone.
But yet ſhall falſehood rule? ſhall truth be ſold?
And Judas preach, or ſell his LORD for gold?
The man that wants, obeys; can ſhadows ſave?
'Tis conſcious virtue looks beyond the grave.
Men may proclaim divine ſalvation near,
Speak truths unmeant, to teach mankind to fear;
But practice proves the heart; canſt thou believe?
Have but the faith which ſaves, that can't deceive.
The ſlaves of pow'r, men bow the ſuppliant knee,
On princes fawn, and flatter each degree.
Ye reverend ſons of doubt! let us be plain;
Mankind agree that truth is endleſs gain.

If conſcience in us lives, ſay, does there dwell
With madden'd zealots rectitude of will?

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE VI.

ON VIRTUE.

Tu recte vivis ſi curas eſſe quod audis. HOR.

HAIL, kindred fair! may truth thy ſoul purſue,
And hold the paths of Virtue e'er in view;
Peace be the bleſs'd companion of thy mind,
Each thought by learning and by ſenſe refin'd.
Far from the world's diſtracting cares retire,
And by reflection nature's works admire;
Beſide the grove, or where hoarſe waters roar,
The boundleſs love of GOD in peace adore;
Where grand Thameſis laves the verdant plain,
And rolls its billows tribute to the main,
Contemplative withdraw, and beauty trace
Thro' all the vaſt incumbent rounds of ſpace.

Direct

Direct thy footſteps to ſome ſilent grove,
Or muſing ſearch the ſtellar paths above.
Adore, ſaith wiſdom; reaſon bids be pure,
Serve GOD in faith, and inward peace procure;
Aim at perfection, labour to be wiſe,
Avoid diſtruſt, and every mean diſguiſe.
May we amend; admire exalted worth,
And ſcorn the mind that boaſts of human birth.
'Tis virtue makes us great, we ſhine by wit;
But truth alone can make our joy compleat;
Fly ſtrange affected airs; to all be plain,
The charm of adulation dare diſdain.
Abhor, my dear! to circumvent the ſoul,
Deſign we hate, but modeſty will rule;
Exceſs is wrong, be frugal without ſtint,
GOD gave enough, but ſurfeit ne'er was meant.
Know but thyſelf, in vain we catch at more;
Fear GOD, my friend! be ſilent and adore.
That mind is truly great where paſſion dies,
Where no internal ſtorms of anger riſe.
Let reaſon rule; reſtrain ill-grounded love;
Nor give thy mind from virtue's paths to rove.
Sedate, behold this varying ſtate of things,
And bleſs'd with peace, contemn the wealth of kings.

Fly

Fly hateful pride, relieve th' industrious poor,
Nor let worth pine unnotic'd at the door.
Reserv'd, be justly free, to sense attend,
In morals perfect, to the wise a friend.
Bless'd with content, the world can give no more,
Its pomp is vain, and worthless all its store.
Base is the mind which thirsts for lawless gain;
The vails of envy must be lasting pain.

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE VII.

ON A SUMMER EVENING.

Vertitur interea cœlum, et ruit oceano nox
Involvens umbrâ magnâ terramque polumque. VIRG.

HAIL, lov'd Lemira! rise to loftier scenes,
Traverse the flow'ry mead, or vallies gay;
Indulgent eve solstitial fervour screens,
And whisp'ring zephyrs fan the closing day.

The fields invite us to their kind retreats,
The living herbage grows ſublimely fair,
The thick brown woods diſpenſe their balmy ſweets,
And grateful fragrance fills the tepid air.

No more, ſupinely, dream of ſcorching ſuns,
No more, the rage intenſe of ſultry noon;
To other climes the blaze of day belongs,
To us, as queen of night, the radiant moon.

To rural ſcenes deſcriptive fancy flies,
Where homeward trudge the ſtrong laborious ſwains;
Where ripening harveſt pours upon our eyes,
And bearded Ceres loads the ſaffron plains.

"Theſe are the haunts of meditation;" theſe
The bleſs'd retreats, where real knowledge dwells;
Thought mounts the wafting wings of every breeze,
Or glows ſublime, where flow deep murm'ring rills.

The

The dusky lawn, the sweet, enamell'd fields,
The broad inclosures green of new-mown hay,
Transcend the boasted bliss that grandeur yields,
And all the pomp which rival kings display.

Thro' winding walks of tufted sheep-nipp'd brouze,
Where no kind hand the rustic heath adorns,
Give me, the flame of dying song to rouse,
And chant the themes the painted beauty scorns.

Oh! where the grand wood-crested mountains rise!
A distant prospect to the ranging sight!
The hills that paint to men Elysian joys,
And long retain the parting rays of light,

Be our sequester'd haunt; there mark from far
The blue bespangled, variegated skies,
When shines the moon, and every beaming star
Demands our wonder, and excites surprise.

For whom this brilliant sight? those sparkling suns?
If men wake not, to chant eternal praise.
To God all homage, and all prayer belongs,
Who bade those distant fires, refulgent, blaze.

How glorious is the ſcene! the theme how grand!
How vague the ſtrongeſt fervour of the ſoul!
Admiring angels join the ſacred band!
While worlds revolving in ſucceſſion roll!

Who courts the downy couch? or who ſupine,
Inglorious, ſeeks th' oppreſſive chains of ſleep?
Shall mortals loſe ſuch radiant ſcenes divine!
The real bliſs of diſquiſition deep.

Oh! glow each vivid thought! direct my mind,
Let all my ſoul be fill'd with ſtrong deſire;
Oh! waft me to tranſcending joys, refin'd,
And teach my raptur'd ſenſes to admire.

Say, ſhall we ſearch yon argent fields above?
The teeming void of unremitted ſpace?
Or chant to men the boundleſs theme of love?
The glorious gift of all-preſerving grace.

Hail, grey clad eve! in earth's brown honours dreſt,
Sedate and ſolemn are the joys ſhe brings;
Incumbent gloom o'erwhelms my penſive breaſt,
And formleſs paints th' imperfect face of things.

The

The loud conflicting winds forget to blow;
A breathleſs calm hangs o'er the ſilent deep!
The torrent pours not from the mountain's brow,
Nor angry blaſts the limpid waters ſweep.

In ſilent pomp, the ſmiling queen of night
Progreſſive mounts the concave ſteep of Heaven;
Yon varied proſpects riſe ſerenely bright,
And to the devious vale faint day is given.

Mark yon tranſlucent, kind, refreſhing ſtreams!
Yon ſilver fountains! the receſs of gods!
Their ſhining ſurface light with lunar beams;
Of peace, and meek ey'd truth, the bleſs'd abodes.

The copſe infuſing awe; the pleaſing glade
Of diſtant hills invites my artleſs lays,
Where latent beauties are to men diſplay'd,
And various landſcapes catch the parting blaze.

In ſearch of cool Savannahs let me rove,
Where every object ſoothes the panting ſoul;
Where light faint gleaming thro' the thickſet grove,
Bids purer thoughts in the pleas'd boſom roll.

O'er all the blue ſerene, deep ſilence reigns,
Save where ſoft Philomel harmonious ſings;
From ſome tall elm ſhe chants her love-ſick ſtrains,
Or, as from the brown hawthorn hedge ſhe ſprings.

Adieu, my grateful theme! ye ſhadows grey!
Ye denſe entangling ſhrubs or vallies green!
All-ruling nature calls, and I obey,
While pleaſing ſlumber ſhuts the lucid ſcene.

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE VIII.

LEMIRA's REPLY.

THY flowing verſe a ſummer's eve diſplays
In ſlender rhyme, the harmony of ſong;
Each line freſh objects to the mind conveys,
And time, while thus employ'd, rolls ſwift along.

'Tis true, the groves invite us to their ſhades,
The ſeaſon bids to rural ſcenes repair,
Where falling waters form yon bright cataracts,
Or ſmiling orchards, crown'd with fruit, appear.

How grand the proſpect beauteous nature yields!
When from the cares of life retir'd, at eaſe,
Serene, we traverſe the ſweet-ſcented fields,
To find the ſolace of an evening breeze.

There, by ſome ſtream that murmuring rolls along,
A rural muſe may chant its artleſs lays;
While each gay ſcene diſplay'd in paſtoral ſong
Excites our wonder, or provokes our praiſe.

Bleſs'd with content, in ſome ſequeſter'd ſhade
The fleeting hours in contemplation ſpend;
Obſerve how ſoon the brighteſt flow'rets fade,
And think how ſoon this ſpring of life muſt end.

How charming look yon fair umbrageous walks!
When Cynthia, lucent empreſs of the night!
Illumes the flow'ry paths, and bending ſtalks
With wonted ſplendor, and far-beaming light?

Each ſmiling object, round, above, below,
Exhorts the mind that ſov'reign pow'r to fear,
From whom ſuch great, ſuch numerous bleſſings flow!
Who caus'd the various ſeaſons of the year.

Thro' nature's works, the philoſophic eye
May trace the veſtige of Almighty power,
In every wing that flits along the ſky,
Or humble ſhrub that forms the verdant bow'r.

Thro' all the frame, what majeſty divine!
What pleaſing wonder warms the ſtudious ſoul!
There countleſs orbs in ſplendid azure ſhine!
Here murmuring waters with hoarſe cadence roll.

Oh! waft me now where fragrant roſes bluſh,
Where ſoft Favonian breezes gently play;
And birds melodious warble from the buſh,
Or ſpring delighted from th' elaſtic ſpray.

How ſoon ſhall fade each beauty's tranſient bloom!
Each walk umbrageous 'midſt impending trees!
Thoſe ſcenes ſhall fail to charm me as I roam,
And theſe autumnal joys forget to pleaſe.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IX.

ON HAPPINESS.

——Petimus bene vivere, quod petis hic eſt;
——— animus ſi te non deficit æquus. HOR.

DWELLS there, my friend! true happineſs with man?
We know but abſence from deſire, or pain;
Born to be prov'd, 'tis all but ſhadows here,
A paſſing viſion, and a time for prayer.
Wealth breeds diſtruſt, anxiety prevails,
And heart-bred anguiſh all our bliſs curtails.
The pomp of courts, the pride of kings ſurvey;
The ſuperb manſions of the rich and ga y
Black ills attend; there death protends his dart,
And deep ſtruck fear corrodes the conſcious heart.
Launch the tall veſſel, dare the ſpacious main,
Search realms unknown, and all our pride is vain.
Think not below conſummate bliſs to find;
GOD gives extenſion to the labouring mind;
Hence all our bliſs is toil; conſtraint is fit;
For want of action muſt be want of wit.

'Tis

'Tis juſt we ſhould aſpire, reſt breeds not peace;
Sloth haſtens death, induſtry ſprings from grace.
Thus much of real joy hath Heav'n ſupply'd,
For more to men, in juſtice, was deny'd.
Elſe, how are mortals prov'd? If bliſs were given,
What need had man of ſpecial grace from Heaven?

No longer dream of happineſs entire,
This ſin-polluted frame hath damp'd its fire;
The tranſient joys of earth are death to this,
Our paſtimes vain, the antidote of bliſs.—
The ſolemn grove, the deep reſounding rill,
The fragrant-ſcented mead, or flow'ry vale,
May charm the penſive mind, or cheriſh love;
But ſtedfaſt happineſs reſides above.
Purſue content the various calls of life,
Adhere to truth, and bar licentious ſtrife.
Hope is our own, extent muſt be the theme;
Let wiſdom gain the thinking mind's eſteem.
May dazzling gewgaws charm our ſouls no more,
A brilliant court, nor graceleſs thirſt of power.
Avoid the ſprightly dance, forſake the ball,
Where wanton mirth offends the ſerious ſoul.
The grand deſcriptive ſtage determine vain,
There vice conceal'd, harangues in virtue's ſtrain.

These

These are the courts of death; the syrens these,
Which youth destroy, when dark delusions please.
Chaste be our minds, the wise avoid the bait,
The gilded pill of each flagitious state;
Contemn oppos'd extremes; may shadows fall,
And empty trifles bring no rash controul;
Let calm sobriety display her zone,
And heaven-born temperance prevail alone.
Where then were yon prepar'd luxurious feasts!
The pride of tyrant man! excess with beasts!—
Wilt thou be happy? learn to be content;
And use with prudence that which Heaven has lent.
Be just, be great, and taught in wisdom's school,
Reduce thy seeming wants to reason's rule;
"We need but little, nor that little long;—
Death soon subdues the feeble and the strong.
In vain we boast of youth, succeeding years
Shall cover aged heads with silver hairs;
Or dire disease the body will annoy,
Change every wish, and baffle every joy.—

Since then the world no solid peace can give,
Oh! let not its alluring charms deceive.
May we in time be wise, and boldly dare
'Mid life's gay flutt'ring scenes, for death prepare.

What

What, though we conflict with the reſtleſs tide
Of headſtrong paſſions and tumultuous pride;
Yet know, my friend, we gain a noble prize,
If bleſs'd to form a friendſhip with the ſkies;
Thro' all our lives, the paths of virtue trod,
Will lead our footſteps to the throne of GOD.

This then is happineſs; on earth to prove
Divine communion, and ſuperior love;
Th' internal voice of rectitude to feel,
And GOD's pure word to regulate the will;
The ſoul from doubts and ſorrow to releaſe,
And breathe the balm of comfort and of peace.
The way to reſt, let all enquirers know,
Is to be VIRTUOUS and RESIGN'D below.

ÆTATIS 18.

AN HYMN.

AWAKE, my ſoul! contemplative ſurvey
The clear veſtigia of ſupreme deſign;
All nature's works the power of GOD diſplay,
And ſpeak their grand original divine.

With

With reverential awe ſoft ſtrike the lyre,
  Reſponſive to the pure dictating muſe;
Bid ſhadows fly, the joys of earth retire,
  And every dark intruding thought refuſe.

Oh! come ye gentle ſpirits! lend your ſtrains,
  Pour ſoothing melody into my ſoul;
Let Heaven's celeſtial fervour warm my veins,
  And ſongs of triumph in my boſom roll.

Oh ye! that dwell in endleſs bliſs on high,
  And conſtant view the great Creator's face,
Teach me to praiſe him, as the ſeaſons fly,
  And waft my anthems to the throne of grace.

Ye ſons of GOD! aſſiſt my ſtrong deſire,
  My artleſs verſe, and undeſigning rhime;
Oh! may my heart be cleans'd with ſacred fire,
  And every thought be purify'd in time.

Let chearful morn, in orient ſplendor dreſt,
  Proclaim his praiſe, who call'd the day from night;
Huſh'd be the rattling ſtorm, loud winds at reſt,
  While the fair dawn expands reviving light.

Extol the ſource of life, thou riſing ſun!
With all the fire of warm devotion blaze;
Bid op'ning flowers record thy ſacred ſong,
And waft his glory on thy fugal rays.

Ye humid exhalations! ſpread your ſtore,
Reſound his might, and mount the wings of day;
Aſcend, ye vapours! all ye waves, adore!
And never let your warmeſt praiſe decay.

Deſcend, ye peers of ſtate! ye monarchs bow!
Fall from the throne, and look beyond diſguiſe;
The proud ſhall ſink, th' exalted mind be low,
The meek be bleſs'd, and mercy claim the ſkies.

Ye ruddy ſons of earth pour forth your pray'rs,
With ſolemn worſhip and dependance wait;
Submit to Heaven, and waſh the glebe with tears,
Till truth ſhall reign, and juſtice be compleat.

EPISTLE X.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LOVE OF FAME.

——Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generoſis. HOR.

WHENCE ſprings this ſtrong inſatiate thirſt of fame?
And why ſo anxious for a deathleſs name?
Can blind renown the ſenſe of bliſs procure?
Expel deſire, or inward peace reſtore?—
'Tis FAME we court thro' every ſcene below,
What, but for this, does art's vaſt circle grow?
But what art thou? what all thy boaſted joys?
Nought more than trifles, ſublunary toys;
The grand purſuit of kings, the crown of ſouls,
The ſcorn of wiſdom, and the pride of ſchools.
For this fame-courting crowds reſplendent ſhine,
For her we ranſack earth, and rob the mine;
She gives freſh vigour to the rich and gay,
And hence their worthleſs pomp the vain diſplay.
What, but for this, does impious man explore
The wayes of death, or ſpoil the diſtant ſhore?

Why

Why dares the bold marine traverſe the deep?
And ligneous bulwarks ocean's ſurface ſweep?
Why roars tumultuous war? why bleeds the brave?
Who bids the dying patriot greet the grave?
'Tis thine to lead the fight, inſpire the ſage,
Or warm the warrior's breaſt with generous rage.

Riſe, goddeſs of the world! aſſert thy claim,
The *ſummum bonum* of mankind, is fame.
For this, extenſive trade employs us all,
The lawyer pleads, and wrangling women bawl.
The politician hence diſplays his ſchemes,
While loud applauſe the lift'ning houſe proclaims.
Not courts alone contain th' effective maid;
She rules the village, and ſhe haunts the ſhade.
The toil-ſuſtaining hinds to fame aſpire,
And ruſtic damſels feel the general fire.

Goddeſs! on earth ador'd; man's ſplendid joy!
Thou ſource of art! thou all-attracting toy!
That man is truly great who ſcorns thy frown,
Whoſe ſoul purſues a more exalted crown.

Xantippe loves the ball, admires the ſtage,
Aſſumes the pit, and mocks the ſolemn ſage;

She

She chides aloud; her words, unbridled, move
From church to ſtate, from diffidence to love.

Proud Mævius ſcribbles rhyme, or copies plays,
Strains all his wit, a candidate for praiſe;
In ſland'rous verſe, and ſatire void of ſenſe,
He paints the great, and ſtrikes with impudence.

Nor leſs intent, Offellus bids us ſpare
The luſcious draught, and high luxurious fare.
Avoid exceſs; reſerve becomes the wiſe;
Take but what health and vivid ſenſe ſupplies.

All bath'd in ſweat, and anxious after gain,
Old Locuples diſtracts his tortur'd brain;
At fairs he flutters 'midſt the buſtling train,
While flatt'ring agents loud extol the man.

Lo! where yon ſprightly beau attracts the ſight,
Good ſenſe is wanting, and ſuperior wit;
The jovial flippant air the wiſe diſdain,
To ſerious minds unlicens'd mirth is pain;
Thro' every ſcene of life th' aſſertion's true,
'Tis Fame we challenge, and Renown purſue.

The great, the wiſe, the learn'd, adore her ſhrine,
The rich, the gay, pronounce her pow'r divine;
The ſage-inſtructed ſoul perceives the fire,
And lab'ring ſwains compleat the general choir.
To me, to thee, ambition's fervour flows,
From child to man, the grand ſententia grows.

But ceaſe my pen! this truth have others told,
The path is beaten, and the ſubject old;
Immortal YOUNG has ſung the power of FAME,
Truth fills his lines, and wit adorns his theme.

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE XI.

On the USEFULNESS, and recommending the STUDY, of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hoc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt; ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis, ſolatium, et perfugium, prebent; delectant Domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.

TULLY.

WITH joy, my friend! I hear thy ſtudies grow,
A thirſt for wiſdom, the beſt theme below;
The root is bitter, but the fruit is ſweet,
Th' exordium's arduous, and with toil replete.
Thoſe dangers paſt, a ſun-ſhine, bright, ſucceeds,
The mind expands, the ſoul on knowledge feeds.
Is then PHILOSOPHY the darling theme?
My ſoul feels tranſport at the glorious name.
May I preſume to paint the charming maid?
Pourtray her beauties, and commend her ſhade?
Yes:—ſince my friend requires, the ſubject's mine,
To chant her pleaſures, rational, divine!

Hail, fair PHILOSOPHY! bleſs'd ſcience, hail!
May knowledge grow, and uſeful arts prevail;
Weak are our thoughts, our abſurd notions vain,
And reaſon vague, ſubdu'd by conſtant pain,
When not directed, taught by thee to ſcan
Progreſſive wiſdom thro' each ſtate of man.
Expell'd, diſpers'd, by thy ſuperior might,
Fled hypotheſes blind, the ſons of night,
And round us blaz'd thy all revealing light.
For they who know the moſt, deſire not veils;
Truth ſhines admir'd, while dazzling falſehood fails.
No more with doubt the ſtudious mind explores
The force of bodies, and mechanic powers.
By whom, but her, are ſecrets deep made known?
Philoſophy purſues the falling ſtone!
Why, whirl'd on high the flint ſo ſwift deſcends,
Procumbent, yet towards the center tends?
The latent force of gravity we trace,
And find attraction works in every place.
Long wrapp'd in thought, the ſage revolv'd in vain,
Till NEWTON roſe, the myſtery to explain.

Sublime

Sublime he roſe; amazement held the ſchools,
When nature ſunk to univerſal rules;
But now 'tis done; his works the ſtudious ſhare,
Read with attention, and peruſe with care.
The theme is grand; the ſubject yields delight;
Such pleaſures, ſure, a ſluggard would excite.
Not ſtay'd on earth, its manſion's unconfin'd,
To diſtant worlds aſcends the lab'ring mind;
Borne on the wings of thought, the ſoul aſpires
To read the ſtars, and count th' æthereal fires.
PHILOSOPHY pervades the blazing ſun,
Or glows where orbs their ſtated courſes run;
Where in bright circles dancing planets play
Around the ſource of far extended day.—
'Tis to ſublime PHILOSOPHY we owe
All that of worlds above, or earth we know;
Thy ſmiles revive the deep enquiring mind,
By thee our wit is pure, our parts refin'd.
From hence are known the various pow'rs of air,
Its properties occult, its ſubſtance rare;
The progreſs of the wind, the gathering ſtorm,
The riſe of vapours, and how meteors form;
Why rarefactions bring continu'd rain,
Whence foaming torrents roar along the plain.

Say, why deſcends ſo ſwift the rattling hail?
And why do pregnant clouds fly o'er the vale?
The rain congeal'd, transforms to pond'rous ſtones,
Hurl'd down, impetuous, from aereal thrones;
Elaſtic air tranſports the clouds on high,
And gently wafts them round the azure ſky.

Tutor'd by her, we mark the falling ſnow,
Till all is one continu'd ſcene below;
She knows from whence inclines the hoary froſt,
How ſhooting ſalts the riſing herbage cruſt,
And why confin'd, and bound in icy chains,
Yon limpid pools transform to chryſtal plains.
Lo! undiſmay'd, PHILOSOPHY has found
How the loud thunder ſhakes the vaſt profound;
From whence the bright æthereal ſhaft deſcends,
And burſting nitre ſome huge column rends.
The grand phænomenon of northern fires
To her is known, tho' ruſtic fear retires;
With conſcious dread the giddy vulgar ſtray,
And anxious hope the wiſh'd return of day.
When light ſulphureous vapours thinly ſpread,
Catch fire, and flame converging over head;
In contemplation wrapp'd, and calm ſurpriſe,
The philoſophic ſtudent reads the ſkies.

See

See where aſcends yon wide extended bow!
The ſign of grace, and heavenly love below;
The origin divine, of light and ſhade,
In orient colours pure, diverſe, array'd:
With pleaſing awe, a wond'rous ſcene ſurvey,
Where five bright ſuns awake the drooping day:
There, where the vaſt concave, high-arch'd and wide,
Appear'd with recent ſyſtems once ſupply'd.
Thoſe grand Par-helian forms no longer ſcare,
Expell'd far hence all ſuperſtitious fear.

Lo! wand'ring fires acroſs the meadows rove,
Or wanton ſport beſide a neighb'ring grove;
Them, while the heedleſs traveller attends,
Far from his road, and diſtant from his friends,
In ſome broad ditch, or bog obſcure and deep,
The wretch, aſtoniſh'd, graſps a treacherous ſteep;
Immers'd and damp, bewilder'd and alone,
Confus'd, he rambles from the peopled town,
Thro' miry ſwamps, or barren heaths unknown.
But why this plain digreſſion? reſt not here;
Enough of ſuns, of ſtars, and fluid air;
It now remains to ſing of earth, and ſtones,
And what to man, and beaſts, and birds belongs.

All hail, ſerene PHILOSOPHY, divine!
No leſs to thee pertains the opening mine;
'Tis thine to penetrate thro' beds of earth,
And tell of poliſh'd gems the ſecret birth;
How, low in caverns dark, the marble grows,
Fair ſtreak'd and vein'd, adorn'd with azure rows.
'Tis thine, the alabaſter to explore,
And rich porphyrius' long inveſted ſtore;
The ſtedfaſt adamant, compreſs'd and ſtrong,
The ſparkling ruby, and cornelian ſtone;
The ſoft, pellucid chryſtal, fair and gay,
Carbuncle flaming, like the lamp of day;
The green ſmaragdus, and the ſapphire blue,
Th' obdurate amethyſt, of purple hue,
And golden topaz. Lo! to thee belong
The black achate, and the jaſper throng.
But more than all, the magnet ſtrikes my mind,
A world of wonders in a ſtone combin'd!
Nor leſs delight the ſons of wiſdom find
Where iron ore attracts the curious mind,
Where deep below the ſounding copper grows,
Or, in metalline ſtreams, mercurius flows.
There, where the burniſh'd tin adorns the ſhore,
And ſtratas ſparkle with refulgent ore,

Where

Where veins of gold, or ſhining ſilver lie,
And unctuous lead regales th' enquiring eye.

By thee, ſublime PHILOSOPHY! we ſcan
The cultur'd glebe, or contemplate the plain,
Th' increaſing foliage, and the diſtant grove,
E'en humble ſhrubs, or lofty trees above.
If we the powers of vegetation trace,
Conſummate beauty ſhines in every place;
Admit diſcretion is our greateſt good,
"Thro' nature's works we look to nature's GOD."
Sure, not remote from this, is all we know
Of birds above, of beaſts, and fiſh below!
Their various kinds, their various arts declare
Man was not made alone, this earth to ſhare.

Far born from hence, where glorious order ſhines,
A ſcene more varied claims my artleſs lines,
T' admire what wiſdom form'd the inſect train,
Their ſtrange mutations, and their ſenſe of pain.
The painted ſcarab, and melliferous tribe,
Tranſcend what human language can deſcribe.

But, now to man, my ranging thoughts retire,
To ſing how arts, philoſophy require.

Forſook

Forſook by her, a ſavage, wild and rude,
Were man, with ſenſe and reaſoning powers endu'd.
In vain this gift; the deſart waſte and void
Were his dire haunt, with monſters fell annoy'd;
Naught would he know, but want and conſtant pain,
A life of woe, and death his greateſt gain;
Forlorn and wand'ring thro' the loneſome wood,
With boars contending for their acorn food.
Such were mankind, expos'd to various woes,
But for the help PHILOSOPHY beſtows.
Thro' every ſcene of life the goddeſs flies,
Excites perfection, and compleats our joys.
By thee, ſage Chiron ſpurns indulgent eaſe,
And meditates the ſource of fell diſeaſe;
What plants for this, and what for that are fit
To heal mankind, the doctor tries his wit.
The various ſimples cull'd, he hopes to cure,
And thinks his drooping patient to reſtore.

Firſt taught by thee, the navigator roſe,
The main to traverſe, and his life expoſe;
Swift thro' ſurrounding ſeas, unaw'd, he ſails,
Foreſees the ſtorm, or waits propitious gales;
From ſhores remote, and rich, or realms unknown,
The wealth of diſtant nations is our own.

From

From hence we learn what arts the world have found,
And what the various cuſtoms of mankind,
What powers they raiſe, what ſpacious tracts they rule,
Their different ſoils, and whom their laws controul.
The poor mechanic feels thy generous flame,
And finds a place, even in the rolls of fame.
Hence clocks denoting times inceſſant courſe,
Balliſtic torments' all-deſtroying force.
Firſt plann'd by thee, the planetarium roſe,
And here th' armillary ſphere its being owes;
The orrery ſublime, thy aid requires,
And engines deſtin'd to extirpate fires;
Air-mills, and aqueous, claim their birth from thee,
The ſtudent's palm, ſerene PHILOSOPHY!

Pneumatic engines hence improve the mind,
And manufactures vaſt, employ mankind;
Aſſiſted viſion kens minuteſt forms,
And poliſh'd lenſes failing ſight reforms;
The long-tub'd teleſcope explores the ſkies,
Where diſtant objects, elſe, obſcurely riſe.
Deriv'd from the ſame ſource, the globes delight,
And manual ſpheres the thoughtful ſoul excite.

The

The world in narrow form compris'd we ſee,
In fair proportion drawn, and juſt degree.
Exact and true, the brilliant ſtars are told,
Their ſtation fix'd, like ſtuds of burniſh'd gold.

Nor leſs the labouring farmer claims thine aid,
The graſs to mow, or pluck the ripening blade;
What time to turn the well directed plough,
And when the ſeeds of hopeful crops to ſow.

Tutor'd by thee, the muſe compleats the choir,
Chants heavenly ſtrains, or ſtrikes the trembling lyre,
Aſſumes the glorious theme, with ardour glows,
And form'd by thee, her pleaſing language flows;
The lively image, and the graceful ſtile,
Are known by reading, and attain'd by toil.
Philoſophy the ſtudious bard refines,
Informs his mind, and weighs his flowing lines;
Tells what to chooſe, pure ſentiment ſupplies,
Awakes attention, and expels diſguiſe.
She bids each ſtriking ſimile be fair,
And thoughts ſelected pleaſe the liſtning ear.

ÆTATIS 18.

A SOLILOQUY.

A SOLILOQUY.

REFULGENT ſummer comes, the fervid air
And flaming ſkies, denote the circling year;
From fields of æther, and the blaze of day,
Intemperate heat, and Sol's meridian ray,
To glades umbrageous, let me haſte away.
There, on the banks of ſome meandring ſtream,
Chant to my ruſtic pipe, a nobler theme.
Oh! come, celeſtial CONTEMPLATION, come;
Inſpire my ſoul, and change this mental gloom.
While ſtretch'd at eaſe, beneath the ſhade I lie,
Let not fair thought's inhaling balſam die.
Come, heavenly viſitant! engage my mind,
Breathe inward peace, and ſentiments refin'd.

Lives there the man, who, impious, dares controul
Infinite Wiſdom, and reform the whole?
Whatever is, was made for ſome deſign,
Whatever breathes, hath origin divine,
In vain immenſity would man confine.
Behold in air what tranſient myriads form,
Who bade yon ſhort-liv'd tribes aereal ſwarm?

Some,

Some, o'er the ſtagnate pool, incumbent, borne,
The fleeting offspring of prolific morn;
Scarce viſible to man, live with the day,
And when the ſun declines, with him decay.
What ſlender texture! what conſummate grace!
And ſtriking colours, clothe yon inſect race!
Their chequer'd eyes imbibe the rays of light,
As rubies radiant, and as chryſtal bright.
Sure, ſilent adoration's flame they fan,
Inſtruct the ſoul, and humanize the man.
Yet may I love thro' flow'ry ſhades to walk,
And with calm Solitude, fair goddeſs! talk;
Hold rapturous converſe with the bleſs'd above,
Soft gliding, penſive, thro' the ſilent grove.
Or on imagination's pinions climb,
Revolve the paſt, and penetrate thro' time,
In action ſtedfaſt, and in thought ſublime.
As ſpring ſerene, give me to paſs thro' life,
From diſcord free, and baſe litigious ſtrife;
In heights and depths, in happineſs and pain,
Yet with RELIGION, and with TRUTH to reign.

REFLECTIONS

AFTER READING THE FOLLOWING LINES:

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia muſæ
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore, &c.

VIRG.

LET others plow the foaming deep,
In queſt of lawleſs gain;
'Tis mine the various lyre to ſweep,
Or chant the poet's ſtrain.

Far from all mean ſolicitude,
Let me in quiet dwell,
Where no corroſive cares intrude
To wound my ſtedfaſt ſoul.

What are the pleaſures wealth can give?
What luxury's exceſs?
More than enough muſt ſure deceive,
And all have happineſs.

The

The rich, the gay, the ſapient, love
Thoſe boundleſs bleſſings given;
The labouring poor, ſuſtain'd, ſhall prove
Th' indulgent care of Heaven.

Ceaſe then, my ſoul! from weak diſtruſt,
In PROVIDENCE confide;
Who ſhields from harm the wiſe and juſt,
And mocks the ſtoic's pride.

'Tis not the men who vainly boaſt
Of ought enjoy'd below,
Shall feel of heavenly bliſs the moſt,
And real comfort know.

A conſcience void of all offence,
From poignant anguiſh free,
Is more than all that crowns diſpenſe,
And every high degree.

'Tis that alone can make us bleſt,
Bid comfort riſe within,
Compoſe the tempeſt of each breaſt,
And ſheathe the force of ſin.

To loftier themes our thoughts diſpoſe,
And elevate the ſoul;
Give conqueſt o'er our mental foes,
And reign beyond controul.

To real greatneſs turn the mind,
Teach what we ſhould obtain;
Inſpire a generous flame refin'd,
And ſoothe the ſenſe of pain.

Oh! give me this, I aſk no more,
Fair pleaſure's train I ſcorn;
Let thoſe enjoy their ſhining ſtore,
Who were to riches born;

Whoſe feeble minds on earth confin'd,
Dare not forſake their gold,
Leſt wafted on the wings of wind,
They loſe their ſtedfaſt hold.

Such is the rock on which they ſtand,
So permanent the baſe:—
If death but ſtretch his direful hand,
And ſhew his ghaſtly face,

Strange terrors ſoon vindictive reign,
And harbour in each breaſt,
With every agonizing pain,
And torturing care oppreſs'd.

Like empty chaff their riches fly,
The ſtudious ſage to ſee,
Their fragile prop reclin'd, they die,
In dark uncertainty.

So lives, ſo dies that wretched fool
Who grinds the labouring poor,
And dares, in ſpite of Heaven's juſt rule,
A golden heap adore.

On projects wild, and various ſchemes,
Perpetually intent,
For ever pleas'd with gaudy ſcenes,
Or on deluſion bent.

Accumulation ſtill the theme,
Or blind offenſive pride,
Litigious ſtrife, or empty fame,
Or government deny'd.

So fond is man of ought but truth,
  True ſolace unbeliev'd;
Led on by ſomething gay in youth,
  In age extreme, deceiv'd.

Oh! could our vagrant minds but know
  Where dwells internal peace;
Not in perpetual ſtrife and woe,
  Not in our wealth's increaſe.

Say, ſhall this narrow ſpan contract
  The contemplative ſoul?
This mundane ſcene of things compact,
Th' excurſive mind controul?

Know, when tumultuous cares are loſt,
  And earth's concerns are fled,
The ſoul divine! ſeeks Heaven's bleſs'd coaſt,
  From terrene functions freed.

A PARAPHRASE

OF PART OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ST. JOHN*.

Αχρονος ην, ακιχητος, εν αρρητω Λογος αρχη,
Ισοφυης γενετηρος ομηλικος, ως αμητωρ, &c.

Nonni Panopol.

BEFORE old time, and circling years began,
Ineffably divine! the Logos ſprang;
Coeval with the FATHER was the SON,
The LIGHT OF LIGHT from endleſs ages ſhone.
With power proclaim'd, in Heaven's ſupreme abode,
The WORD reſided, and that WORD was GOD.
From this eternal ſource, the SON, the ſame
With him who form'd this azure-vaulted frame.
GOD his creating energy diſplay'd,
All things were by the Word efficient made,
And without him, nor fountain, field, nor ſhade.
In him was life, our univerſal joy,
The light of mortal men, ordain'd to die.

* See Nonnius Panopolitanus.

But

But in this ſhadowy world, divinely bright,
He ſhone illuſtrious, with ſuperior light,
His day not comprehended by our night.

Amid the deep receſs of ſome lone wood,
A wand'ring ſeer had fix'd his rough abode:
To preach baptiſm; he the firſt who came,
His people's ſervant; John, the prophet's name.
An herald by JEHOVAH ſent, before
That LIGHT, to which he faithful witneſs bore,
That all convinc'd, a certain faith might have,
Faith, which in pangs of death alone can ſave.
Yet he was not that pure eſſential light;
But came commiſſion'd by eternal might.
Prophetic ſilence, long impos'd, he broke,
A ſure forerunner of the truths he ſpoke;
The WORD with GOD was that primæval light,
Which ſhines in man, with rays divinely bright.

He with the unbelieving world remain'd,
The world was form'd by his Almighty hand;
Nor did mankind the ſacred Logos know,
An unprovided ſtranger here below!
Firſt to his own, the WORD efficient came,
His own refus'd him, and revil'd his name.

But thoſe, who with unbiaſs'd minds, and pure,
Receiv'd the GODHEAD, and with faith adore;
To them deem'd worthy, and to them alone,
This ſpecial honour gave th' ETERNAL SON,
That they, bleſs'd heirs of glory, ſhould be known;
Not of the will of man, not born of blood,
Nor yet of fleſh; but by the LIVING GOD.

The ſelf-exiſting LOGOS fleſh was made,
The DEITY a man! like man array'd;
And by ſome chain ineffable, he ties
His form divine, to human miſeries;
GOD dwelt below, we ſaw with glad ſurpriſe.
His glory, his refulgent glory ſhone,
The matchleſs ſplendor of his only SON,
Replete with grace and truth, his ſaints among.

Of this fleſh-bearing WORD thus John proclaim'd,
Behold the man! of whom, in ſtrains unblam'd
This faithful truth I told:—Before my days,
(Tho' now poſterior in the world) he was.
From him we all our plenitude derive,
And grace for grace from Heaven ſhall men receive;

By

By Moſes firſt the ſacred law was given;
But grace and truth, when CHRIST came down
from Heaven.

Ne'er viſible to man's revolving eyes
Did that pure ſelf-exiſting SPIRIT riſe;
'Twas he, prime object of the FATHER's love,
Long us'd to tread the fulgent courts above,
Who, with divine heart-melting ſpeech reveal'd
The viſion ſacred, from mankind conceal'd.

And this, the teſtimony borne aloud,
John preach'd before the Hebrew-miſſion'd crowd;
Levites, and watchful prieſts, a ſacred train!
Charg'd to interrogate the heav'n-taught man;
Where, on the margin of a deſert wood,
A wand'ring exile! dwelt the ſent of GOD,
A cavern'd rock his unadorn'd abode;
And urgent, thus, with ſpeed the legates cried,
Who art? art thou the CHRIST?—The ſeer reply'd,
(Nought he conceal'd, nor yet the truth deny'd)
I am not CHRIST.—Then thus the Hebrew train,
Interrogant, addreſs'd the bard again:
Say who thou art; doſt thou on earth appear
Elias! ſay, the far-fam'd Thiſbite ſeer?

Thus John:—Nor I, to earth return'd, appear
Elias known, the far-fam'd Thiſbite ſeer.
To whom the bold intruding prieſts reply'd,
Art thou that prophet, ne'er by man deſcry'd?
And thus the ſent of GOD.—Elias fam'd
I am not, nor that heavenly ſeer unnam'd.

Tell then thy name, the miſſion'd group rejoin'd,
That we, obedient to the high command
From whence we came, may to our friends reveal
What of thyſelf, importun'd, thou wilt tell.

I am that clamant voice in the wild waſte;
Prepare the ſacred ways of GOD with haſte;
Make ſtraight his paths, as in th' inſpired book,
By good Eſaias, Heaven's creator ſpoke.

Of wav'ring Phariſees, a doubtful train,
In haughty ſtile addreſs'd the heaven-taught man.
Why then doſt thou baptize? and whence deſign
Amid the refluent ſtream to cleanſe from ſin?
Since thou art not the CHRIST, nor yet the ſeer,
Elias, borne thro' the wide realms of air,
Aloft, incumbent, in his fiery car;

Nor

Nor that great bard with heavenly fervour warm,
Whoſe accents ſhall by ſacred influence form.

To ſuch interrogations, fraught with pride,
Cautious of ill, the Man of GOD reply'd.
In the pure laver of the cryſtal ſtream,
Sent to baptize, on Heaven's beheſts I came;
But he who ſhall ſucceed, yourſelves among,
Converſes daily, tho' as yet unknown,
With hands profane, the latchets of whoſe ſhoes,
I am not worthy, ſtooping, to unlooſe.

Beyond where Jordan with redundant waves
The fruitful bounds of rich Judeah laves;
Where fair Bethabara's illuſtrious town
O'erlook'd th' adjacent plains, thoſe things were done.

But when the morning brought the golden day,
And lucent beams the vary'd hills diſplay,
His piercing view John caſt around the field,
Nor diſtant far, the SON OF GOD beheld.

Then pointing with his hand, Behold, ſaid he,
The prudent LAMB! from ſin's pollution free;

And,

And, lo! the man, poſterior, I declar'd,
Tho' after, he before me is preferr'd.

THE MORNING.

HAIL, ſacred ſeaſon! heavenly tranſport, hail!
How fair! how fragrant is the dented vale
Where odoriferous flowers their ſweets exhale!
And tuneful birds, harmonious from the ſpray,
In ſprightly numbers uſher in the day.
Lo! rapturous muſic all the region fills,
Hangs in the grove, or bounds along the hills.

Immers'd in pleaſure, will not man awake?
And the ſoft chains of ſtupid ſlumber break?
When every real joy calls him abroad,
And every ſcene directs the mind to GOD.
Be this the time to MEDITATION due,
To ſolemn thought, and retroſpective view.
When calm, and from intruding buſineſs free,
The ſoul contemplates vaſt immenſity;

Or

Or to creation's ample bounds confin'd,
Surveys the proofs of an ETERNAL MIND.
Who but the fool, his indolence to boaſt,
Would in oblivion's hapleſs ſtate be loſt,
And death-like ſleep, longer than nature claims,
Confus'd, bewilder d in a ſea of dreams?

Around the field the peaceful village ſwarms,
From ſtraw-crown'd roofs, and wide capacious farms;
In pomp proceeds the powerful king of day!
The ſcene around his radiant beams diſplay.
From azure ocean, and the daſhing waves,
His crimſon head refulgent Phœbus heaves;
Where earth's gay plains, and Heaven's wide arch unite,
In ſplendor comes the reigning orb of light;
Up the blue vault aſcends his flaming car,
The dews exhale, and fogs diſſolve in air.

Hail, fervid lamp! how ſhall my numbers ſing
Thy delegated power? efflux divine!
Or how thy latent properties define?

Yon

Yon tow'ring hills, and pointed rocks behold!
Remote, tho' fair, and fring'd with burniſh'd gold;
The riſing ſun their gilded tops adorns,
And on the plain a ſhade extenſive forms.
Nor leſs ſurpris'd, the fulgent graſs review,
Where rays refracted by the pearly dew,
As in the clouds the pomp of colours ſpread,
With all the fine diverſity of ſhade.

What were the beauties of th' enamel'd ſpring?
And nature what, but for thy light benign?
A barren wild! a dreary chearleſs place!
Were earth and ocean, void of every grace;
Perpetual night, and one eternal ſtorm
Would then the dull chaotic maſs deform.

Purſue the oak's extenſive, deep-ſtruck root,
Where, twin'd with rocks, its branching fibres ſhoot;
The dreary cavern, dark and rude, explore,
Or undermine the tempeſt-beaten ſhore;
Go, dive beneath the chambers of the deep,
Where crocodiles a fatal ſtation keep,
And monſters haunt; Behemoth's ſpacious cave!
Or penetrate the terrors of the grave;

Yet

Yet there, ev'n there, beneath the vaſt profound,
Sol's potent rays pervade the porous ground.

Admire the luſtre of the ſparkling mine,
Where diamonds beam, and glowing rubies ſhine;
Where, like the ſun, the yellow topaz burns,
And of cerulean hue the ſapphire forms.

Light ſhews the dreary precipice from far,
Hence men the rough incumbent ſteep beware;
With chilling horror from the mountains brow,
We ken the diſmal, fractur'd ſcene below.
By thee, more bright yon winding river ſhines,
And rolls like fluid ſilver o'er the plains.

Say, what the vegetative tribes would do?
No more could they their matchleſs colours ſhew;
No more attract, and emulate the fair,
Their charming features, and their graceful air!

If then ſo much the ſun's gay beams avail,
And nature ſoon without their aid would fail,
What were creation? what the peopled ſpace,
If Heaven's all-ruling LORD withdraw his face.

But..

But for a moment? What were every ſcene?
Thoſe placid rivers, and thoſe vallies green,
If he who reigns in uncreated light,
Great ſource of life, ETERNAL GOD of might,
Should ceaſe to regulate yon radiant ſpheres,
And forward puſh the vaſt, revolving ſtars?
Did HE not bid the globous planets roll,
And pendent earth devolve about its pole,
What dire confuſion ſoon would change the whole?
Where then were all the labour'd works of man?
The toil of ages? where they firſt began.
Yon azure arch, bright with refulgent day,
With all its ſparkling ſuns muſt then decay.
A ſable ſheet of horror ſoon would ſpread
O'er the rude maſs of worlds, inert, and dead;
O'erwhelm'd and rent by elemental ſtrife,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life;
The ſmiling manſions of ſuperior bliſs,
The realms of joy, and courts of happineſs.

ÆTATIS 19.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON A

THUNDER STORM.

A SOLEMN theme, deſcriptive muſe, aſſume;
What means this dumb ſuſpenſe? this awful gloom?
This quick tranſition? lo! demure and ſad
Th' aſtoniſh'd herds traverſe the ſilent mead,
While men in haſte to towns and hamlets ſpeed.

In ſable veſture, mark the threat'ning ſkies
Incumbent wrapp'd. What diſmal ſcenes ariſe
O'er all the ſpace of Heaven! with awful dread,
And night terrific, frowns th' impervious ſhade;
Tremenduous darkneſs! far outſtretch'd above,
A gloomy ſheet malign involves the grove!
Low bow the trees, their lofty heads recline;
The ſtubborn oak, the beech, and waving pine,
Of ſtorms preſageful, nod. Oh! take th' alarm,
And ſpeed my ling'ring feet, while free from harm.
Lo!

Lo! to their neſts the feather'd tribes repair,
The flocks and herds to lonely ſhadows drear.
All nature feels a change! behold at hand,
Eruptive from the Heavens, a flaming brand
Breaks ſharp and ragged; feeble viſion fails,
And ſable night awhile creation veils.
Hark! repercuſſive, awful, deep, and loud,
The ſolemn thunder burſts from cloud to cloud;
Nearer, and nearer, comes the direful ſtorm,
Till o'er our heads the fervid lightnings form;
Tremenduous luſtre! now reſiſtleſs rolls
A ſheet of flame, and wide inveſts the poles;
Or on the hills, with far continued ſweep,
Singes the graſs, and ſtrikes the bleating ſheep;
Or lowing herds, in ſynod met, and full,
In cloſe convention, round the lordly bull.

Mark there, a lab'ring ox, honeſt and ſour,
With blaſted limbs compreſs the groaning ſhore;
There harmleſs ſheep by ſhafted lightning ſtruck,
As when alive, the ſame the victims look;
That pleaſing innocence, thoſe ſimple charms
Thro' death remain, and fate's ſevere alarms.

Now

Now pours a deluge of impetuous rain
From burſting clouds, and drowns the ſubject plain.
Earth ſmoaks—Heaven rends—and dreary darkneſs ſtill
Hangs o'er the grove, or hides the dim ſeen hill;
While down the rugged ſteep a murmuring torrent roars,
Plows up the ground, and floats the treacherous moors.

At length relents the ſtorm; the clouds ſubſide;
And nature ſhines once more in graceful pride;
Diſpers'd aloft, incumbent miſts are driven,
Diffus'd and ſcatter'd round the vault of Heaven.
The drooping fields revive, the groves look gay,
The woods reſound with joy, and mirth concludes the day.
Exulting birds with melody divine,
In concert full, and warbling numbers join;
And lo! the ruminating herds confeſs
The general joy, and ſoft engaging bliſs;
Inceſſant bleatings fill the echoing air,
While univerſal nature bows in pray'r.

Oh! let my muſe the choir æthereal join,
Let WONDER, PRAISE, and GRATITUDE be mine;
In humble ſtrains of adoration pure,
May I approach that all-creating POWER!
Who mounts the wind, and guides the rending ſtorms,
Whoſe plaſtic hand the baleful lightning forms,
And moulds the cryſtal hail. HE pours the rain,
Or with ſoft ſhowers renews the parched plain.
By HIM the deep majeſtic thunder rolls,
And livid flames involve the ſtedfaſt poles;
The dew HE ſprinkles, and the ſun HE warms,
HE gave to light and ſhade their various charms.

ÆTATIS 19.

THE END.

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